

THE  
WILLIAM BOOTH  
MEMORIAL

# The WAR CRY



OFFICIAL ORGAN of  
in Canada East & Newfoundland

The SALVATION ARMY

Edward J. Higgins  
General

William Booth  
Founder

International Headquarters  
101 Queen Victoria St. London E.C.

Territorial Headquarters  
James and Albert Sts. Toronto.

JAMES HAY, Commissioner

TORONTO 2, JUNE 27, 1931

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Forth to the Field go the New "Faith" Session (See page 13)



**J**ERUSALEM sorely needed walls, her fortifications having been levelled to the ground by Nebuchadnezzar. So Nehemiah set about the task of building them. He felt—and rightly so—that his was a Divine mission. He would brook no delay.

It so happened that Nehemiah had enemies. One fellow in particular, Sanballat, determined to frustrate his efforts. With the cunning of an unscrupulous diplomat he dispatched a message to Nehemiah. "Come, let us meet together," it read, "in some one of the villages in the plain of Ono."

But Sanballat had met his match! The intrepid wall-builder read the note and promptly sent the messenger back with the reply, "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down: why should the work cease while I leave it and come down to you."

Nehemiah was fully aware that once he descended from the high place of worthy achievement in Jerusalem the work on the walls would cease, and Zion would lay open before those who sought her destruction.

We would that Canada possessed more Nehemiah-spirited men to-day. There is a dire need for wall-builders. We do not refer to the erection of tariff walls or immigration barricades, but walls of Christian purity!

#### Our Staccato Serial

### THE STORY OF NAAMAN

Told in Picture and Text



#### No. 11—A SERVANT'S DECEIT

**S**O GEHAZI followed after Naaman. And when Naaman saw him running after him, he lighted down from his chariot to meet him, and said, "Is all well?"

And he said, "All is well. My master hath sent me, saying, 'Behold, even now there be come to me from Mount Ephraim two young men of the sons of the prophets: give them, I pray, a talent of silver, and changes of garments.'"

## A DOMINION DAY MESSAGE

# LET US RISE UP AND BUILD

Canadians would do well to give serious consideration to national character at this time. There is a dire need for modern Nehemiahs, who will be unswerving in the erection of walls of spiritual security

Satan seeks to ruin our land. With a subtlety that makes Sanballat's efforts appear positively puerile, he is injecting his poison into the mind of youth.

Crass materialism is enthroned in too many homes; the creed of the epicure—"Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die"—is being lived out in too many lives; self-interest and profit at any cost too long have been factors in our business life. It is time that we look to our walls.

The integrity of a nation is determined by the character of its people. If deterioration invades individual purity the country as a whole is bound to suffer. How can we help to preserve Canada as an upright and God-fearing nation? There are many ways. We suggest three:

1. By following the teachings of Jesus Christ in both home and work-a-day life. The creation of a Christian atmosphere in our homes would be a most powerful factor in the

moulding of the characters of the rising generation. Is the Dally Altar established in your family circle?

2. By the exercise of earnest prayer on behalf of Canada and her people—yes, and the whole world! For when all is said and done, a Christian cannot logically confine his interest within local horizons.

3. By a strongly manifested opposition to evil in every form. We should be definite in our stand. Gambling, drunkenness, giddy worldliness and spiritual lethargy are highly potential in disastrous consequences. Let us contend for the principles of the faith.

There is nothing sadder than to see a Nehemiah conferring in the plain of Ono with his enemies! If we have been guilty of forsaking the lofty place of uncompromising devotion to the teachings of Jesus, for the misty lowlands of wavering loyalties, let us repent and turn again to the walls.

## PROOF OF GOD'S EXISTENCE

By Brigadier Newton Parker, D.D. (R)

**T**HERE are miracles of every kind recorded in the Bible. Who performed them? Was it man, angels, demons, or the Devil? You will say, "Of course not." Who was it then? Without the slightest question, it was God.

How is it that men and women, who have been slaves of habits; liars, thieves, drunkards, libertines, harlots, and dope fiends, suddenly change to the very opposite and become honest, clean, upright, hard-working, holy people? How is it that young men and women give up the world, its pleasures, its opportunities, and chances of making money to go out and live lives of toil and struggle for the privilege of helping and saving others? How is it that those who have homes of wealth, positions in society, and worldly opportunities almost without number, lay these aside and embrace hardships, toil and suffering to spread the Gospel in their home towns and countries and go to non-Christian lands as missionaries? What is at the bottom of all this? Is it of the Devil? No. These sin-bound ones have been touched by God, and they gladly give up all to follow Him.

What does the Bible tell us about God? Though it is impossible to state but a small portion of this, yet by referring to the word God in a Cyclopedic Concordance at the back of the Oxford Teacher's Bible—the Bible recommended for use in The

Salvation Army—we find that He is Almighty, the Creator and our Father, that He is holy, eternal, faithful, unchanging, just, merciful and everywhere present, knows all things and is all-powerful. We are told about His dealings with men, His goodness, His glory and His love, and His rewards to the righteous and His punishments to the wicked. There seems to be no end to the goodness, the greatness, the love, the patience, mercy and justice of God told about in the Bible. What does the telling of these things and thousands of other things mean? Could such things be told about God if there were no God?

What are some of the works of God told about in the Bible? That all that exists is His creation; there is nothing around us that He has not made directly or through His instruments, whether on the earth or in the heavens. In the universe our world seems only a speck; and yet God sent His only begotten Son to die and redeem the family to which we belong!

Then there is in addition to His works of Creation and Redemption, His continued maintenance and care of all He has created, down to the falling sparrow! He says, "Hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary?" (Isa. 40:28). There is a God, and He is our God! In Him will we trust.

## ARE YOU IN DIFFICULTY?

**I**S YOUR mind distressed by perplexities, or your soul with doubt? Perhaps you have come to a cross-road in life, a place of vital and far-reaching decision, and you know not which way to turn? It is often the case that another, at such a time, can get a clearer grasp of the situation by virtue of his detachment. Write to us, confidentially, and tell us about your problems, your spiritual difficulties, your desire for enlightenment on religious matters, and we will do our best to help you.

No names will be published with those answers that may appear from time to time in "The War Cry." Address all communications to The Editor, "The War Cry," 20 Albert Street, Toronto, Ontario.

To Mrs. H.S., Stratford, Ont.

*The future of the child should not be endangered—even if giving it up entails a tremendous sacrifice on your part. If conditions are as you describe them and you really feel that the child would be better cared for in different circumstances, then it is most certainly your duty to make other arrangements.*

We offer the suggestion that the child might be placed in The Army's Home for Little Girls, which is situated in Toronto. The Women's Social Department, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, would be glad to supply you with all particulars in this connection, and any other advice you might desire.

## DAILY MEDITATIONS

### SUNDAY

Scripture reading: Nehemiah 4:15-23

A thought for the day:  
Faith triumphant in the darkest night,  
Faith triumphant wins the hardest fight,  
Faith triumphant makes the burdens light,  
Give me faith triumphant.  
Let us sing Song No. 848.

### MONDAY

Scripture reading: Nehemiah 5:1-10

A thought for the day:  
When God's will is thy heart's pole,  
Then is Christ thy very soul.  
—George Macdonald.  
Let us sing Song No. 876.

### TUESDAY

Scripture reading: Nehemiah 5:12-19

A thought for the day:  
God comes to man with further encouragement and light for a new step when he has conscientiously used the light he already has.—  
Marcus Dods.  
Let us sing Song No. 593.

### WEDNESDAY

Scripture reading: Nehemiah 6:1-9

A thought for the day:



## WHAT THE FOUNDER

SAID ABOUT

## A FULL SALVATION

**T**HE difficulties in the way of evil being destroyed in the hearts of men, and of those hearts being kept clean, and the lives made to square with God's requirements, are, no doubt, very great. The world, the flesh, and the Devil are strong, and there can be no question about the difficulty of dispossessing them. But surely the Holy Spirit is equal to the work, and when hearts are surrendered to Him for this purpose He is strong to deliver—almighty to save, almighty to keep.

To say that a man cannot be made clean and kept without sin in this life, while at the same time it is admitted that God desires it, that Christ died to fulfill His blessed purposes within him, that the man himself cries out for this experience, and that souls are damned for the lack of it, is to declare that the Holy Spirit is not equal to the task.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try,  
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach

The Majesty on high.

—James Montgomery.

Let us sing Song No. 473.

### THURSDAY

Scripture reading: Nehemiah 6:10-19

A thought for the day:  
The day is not far distant when our successors will look back with wonder at the materialistic superstition of the times we are living in; for materialism is nothing better than a superstition on the same level as a belief in devils and witches.—J. Scott Haldane.  
Let us sing Song No. 450.

### FRIDAY

Scripture reading: Nehemiah 7:1-6

A thought for the day:  
He, who being master of the fittest moment to crush an enemy, magnanimously rejects it, is born to be a conqueror.—Lavater.  
Let us sing Song No. 551.

(Continued on page 5)

## OUR SHORT SERIAL

## A Marco-Polo of Salvationism

## START TO READ HERE:

Wesley Hranluc, a young Roumanian immigrant, is left stranded in Montreal, where he obtains his first job, at \$2.00 a month. An enterprising young fellow, he is not content until he has thoroughly mastered the English language and obtained a fair education. He eventually gets lucrative work—but does not find satisfaction, until he is converted in a Salvation Army meeting. He becomes an Army Officer, and after opening one Corps in Western Canada, is despatched to Southern Saskatchewan as a Salvationist out-riders.

CHAPTER III  
BACK HOME

EVER since the day of his conversion Wesley Hranluc had longed to return to his native land to preach the Gospel. At last the opportunity came. At the conclusion of his term at Flin Flon he was granted a well-earned eight-month furlough.

In that time this Salvationist nomad made his way from Northern Manitoba to the coast, crossed the Atlantic to England, from thence passed through Europe to Roumania, on the borders of the Black Sea, just a stone's throw, so to speak, from Russia.

Such a trip under normal conditions would have been replete with adventure for any red-blooded young man, but when we consider that he made the journey on \$300, and ran into some most unique experiences in order to keep within his necessary budget, it will be at once recognized that his were by no means ordinary peregrinations!

Neither did he rank as an "average" traveller by any means. In a hundred and one ways he was able to witness for his Master; he gave his testimony under some very strange conditions, and in five or six different languages during the trip. This furlough was put to as good use as the first one, when he opened Roblin!

## On a Cattle-Boat

Economy imposed her inexorable finger on his journeyings right from the beginning. At Montreal he "signed up" to work his passage across the "briny" on a cattle-boat. Those who are at all acquainted with the hurly-burly life of cattle-boat hands will have some conception of what the young Salvationist faced. He worked side by side with the crew, men of the very roughest type.

Identity as a Salvationist was not divulged until the first evening aboard. It was after supper, and the men were seated about the deck, when Hranluc decided to break the ice.

He commenced to sing, "What a Friend we have in Jesus," so that all could hear. For a moment a tense silence swept over the deck, then one of the men called out roughly.

"Stow that stuff," he cried. "D'ye think yer in a church or somethin'? Yer on a cattle-boat now, and we're not goin' to have any of yer religious stuff around here."

Silence, a tense silence, followed. Hranluc said nothing for half a minute, then looking the fellow straight in the face, he said quietly, "I guess there's no law to stop me from singing what I like whenever I want to!"

A cheer came from the far corner of the deck. Evidently there were sympathizers aboard. Nothing more was said about the matter for some time. Then several men began to question Hranluc, discovering that he was a Salvationist. Religious dis-

## A Canada East "War Cry" Representative Interviews a Passing Wanderer and Captures a Story Packed With Romance and Adventure Linking Canada With Roumania

cussions ensued. The evening closed with the singing of several hymns with cornet accompaniment, and a Bible reading. From that day forth a service was part of the unofficial schedule.

Early-rising was the vogue on the trip. At 3.30 a.m. the steers would have to be looked after, and many of them were extremely difficult to handle. Through it all Hranluc found the Grace of God to be a most sweetening influence, so much so that the men were amazed at his equable temper and cheery smile in all circumstances.

"Jesus has cleansed my heart and given me power within," he would explain when some perplexed seaman would express wonder at his attitude.

## Seizing Opportunities

In mid-Atlantic a member of the crew took sick. He hovered near death's door for several days. When Hranluc heard of it he went to him, and asked if he might be of assistance. He was able to give the poor fellow some advice and practical help, and no doubt was largely instrumental in bringing about his recovery.

One evening when the Ensign had settled himself on a bale of hay in a distant part of the boat, to read his Bible, this man chanced to come upon him.

"You've saved my life," he exclaimed gratefully. "I want you to pray for me." Together they read the Scriptures, and there on the cattle-boat God entered into that man's heart.

Before the voyage was finished a number were converted as a result of the nightly deck meetings, and even the man who had made the first remonstrance, asked the Salvationist to pray with him!

Eight weeks were spent in the Old Land. "I was inspired by the work of The Army in England," Hranluc declares. He visited a number of Corps, and many seekers were saved in his meetings. At Paris he was fascinated with our social operations. An opportunity came to see the virile Army in Switzerland, and from thence he passed into Austria.

If one thing impressed the Ensign more than another in Vienna, it was the remarkable manner in which our comrades there, midst desperate social difficulties, are pointing scores of sinners to the Cross. A Hostel was opened in the Austrian Capital

during his visit, with accommodation for six hundred workless men. Suicides are an every-day occurrence in Vienna. The people sorely need God.

At Buda-Pesth, a number of Salvationists were at the station to welcome the wanderer. He stayed a week in this interesting centre, led several meetings, and addressed the Cadets.

By this time he was drawing near his goal, and his expectations were mounting skyward. But at the Roumanian border something in the nature of an ominous cloud crossed the horizon for the nonce.

Several husky, uniformed customs officials boarded the train. At once they observed The Army uniform, and it appeared as though they instantly lost interest in everyone else on the train. Never before had they seen such a uniform. In fact, a uniformed Salvationist had never passed the borders of their land before Hranluc's arrival.

"Where are you going?" they asked. And then, "What is your purpose in coming here?" Before he had time to answer they followed with, "And what do you wear that uniform for?"



The S's that adorned the Ensign's collar were subjected to suspicious scrutiny. Then there were whisperings. Of one thing they were obviously afraid. Could he be a Soviet representative? Those S's looked decidedly alarming. They were tell-tale S's.

The Ensign's patience was very soon exhausted, and he resolved that it was time he should have a say in the matter. Whereupon he stood to his feet in the car and gave his testimony, explaining at the same time the meaning of The Salvation Army. "These S's," he said proudly, "stand not for Soviet, but for Salvation, in English, and Hallelujah, I've got what they represent!"

At length, after further haranguing back and forth, the officials reluctantly agreed to take the grave risk of allowing the young Officer to enter his native land.

(To be continued)

## "IS THIS THE ARMY'S WAY?"

## An Interrupted "War Cry" Selling Expedition with a Happy Sequel

A NEW Training Session had just opened in a certain eastern city and a girl Cadet from the country, who did not know her way about, was sent out on a "War Cry" selling expedition, under the guidance of a city Cadet.

As they were pursuing their work, the girl from the country noticed an old woman who had been out shopping and was returning home laden with two heavy baskets. Handing over her stock of papers to her companion, she relieved the old lady of her baskets and carried them home for her.

Later, the two Cadets saw an old man trying to push a heavy barrow-load of coals up a steep and slippery hill, and at once lent a hand and helped push the load to the top of the hill.

The city girl was a little anxious about the time which had been lost and the papers left unsold; but the country girl said, "I am sure the Lord will not allow us to suffer be-

cause we have been trying to do some good."

Soon there came in sight a very poor looking woman who had evidently begged some pieces of old wood for firewood and was struggling to carry them home. The wood was dirty and covered with ice and snow, but the country Cadet took it under her arm and carried it off for the old woman.

The warmth of her body melted the snow on the wood, and soon a wet, trickly mess was making its way down her dress. She did not worry, however, but went through with the business and saw the old lady home with her wood.

It was now getting late and the two Cadets felt that they must push on with their "War Cry" selling. Just then they noticed a lady and gentleman who appeared to be watching them. The gentleman spoke: "Is this The Salvation Army's way of doing things?" The girls scarcely knew what to say.

Then he explained that he and his wife had seen, from the window of their house, the incident of the market baskets, and, out of curiosity, had followed to see what further might happen. From a distance they had seen the pushing of the coal-barrow and the carrying of the firewood, and now they wished to say that they did not know much about The Army, but they were impressed with the spirit of readiness to help, and could not but admire what they had seen.

"And now, what are you intending to do?" he asked the girls. They told him that they must now set to work to get their papers sold, in order to be back at the Garrison in good time.

"I will buy your papers," he said, "and you can give them away to those who cannot afford to pay for them." So saying, he handed to the girls as much money as twice covered the value of their papers.

So the poor people were helped, the papers were sold and distributed, and a good friend was made for The Army.



## No. I—THE MOCHI

IN THE covered entrance gateway at Bombay Headquarters, sits a mochi (shoemaker) plying his trade. Day after day for years has he sat there, with the good sense not to come on Sundays; though this is a day which means nothing to him, for he is a Hindu, yet he knows it is our holy day and respects us and it accordingly.

The mochi pays no rent, of course, and as he gets the work of all the Headquarters Officers, and has worked up a good trade in the surrounding neighborhood besides, he is kept busy. Always at it, and always smiling, he always has a cheery greeting for the Officers as they pass in and out.

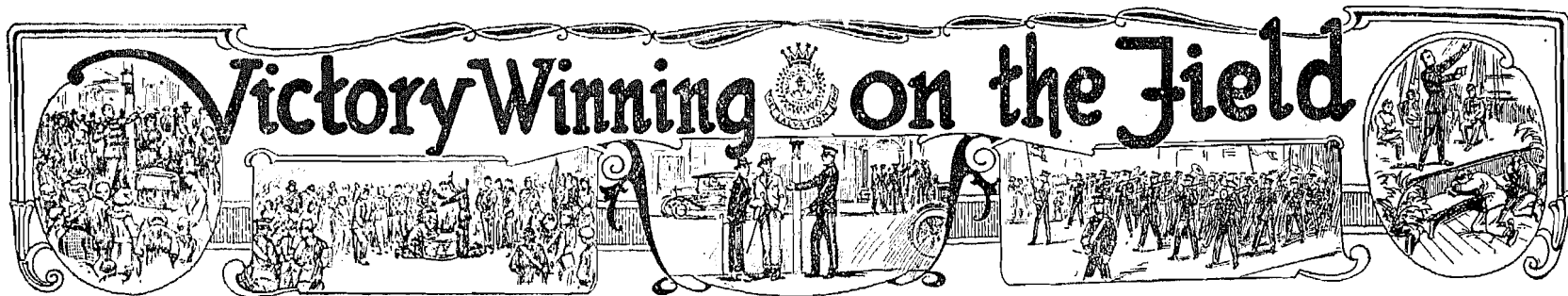
## Indian Glimpses

By Brigadier H. Pimm Smith,  
Bombay

Just as I was passing him to-day, his usual smile had developed into a laugh. "Why do you laugh, mochi?" I asked. "Because I am happy," he answered. "But why are you happy?" I pressed him. "Plenty of work, plenty of pay," he said. "Then in which bank do you keep your rupees?" I asked. Still laughing and pointing to his bare stomach he said, "In this bank." "But surely you have something to save after you have paid for your food?" "No," he smilingly replied, "Nothing can be saved. Myself, my wife, three children, my mother—all to keep; how can I save? But the work and the money keep coming. I am happy."

So the mochi keeps working and smiling, content that he has enough food to feed himself and his family. His wants are few, his life is simple, he is content.





## SECOND ENROLMENT

Within Past Month

WIARTON (Captain Terry, Lieutenant Smith)—On Sunday we were visited by Major Best, who, for the second time within a month, conducted an enrolment of Soldiers. Four young men and women pledged themselves for service under the Yellow, Red and Blue.

On a recent Sunday morning much blessing was felt in the Holiness meeting and four comrades sought the blessing of Sanctification.—E.C.S.

## DOVERCOURT OPTIMISM

DOVERCOURT (Field-Major and Mrs. Ellsworth)—The recurring "wet Saturdays" which were in danger of becoming a byword, and have made Open-air work on Saturday night

## TO CORRESPONDENTS

Don't write reports of a meeting three weeks after it happened.

Don't include generalities in reporting. "We are progressing," "Everything is on the upgrade," "We mean to go on," and like statements are not NEWS. Tell us WHAT is progressing — and WHY. Write names, places, and particulars in connection with special events.

Don't write on both sides of the paper, and don't use a pencil.

Don't single-space type-written reports. Double-space, if you please!

Don't send photographs, snapshots, etc., that are not clear-cut as to detail.

Finally, brethren and sisters, be brief and to the point.

Thanks!

somewhat difficult and uncomfortable, gave way last Saturday to most beautiful weather. The local comrades seized the opportunity, and a large gathering of Soldiers, with the Band, witnessed for Christ, and preached the Gospel to a large and interested crowd of listeners.

The services all day Sunday were marked by a zeal for God and happy Salvationism, with earnest entreaty and exhortation to sinners and backsliders, and praise with thanksgiving on the part of believers.

We were happy to welcome into our midst Staff-Captain Bramwell Coles, who we were glad to see wielding the baton. We also welcomed Brother Ford, Staff-Captain Smith was a welcome visitor and gave a ringing testimony in the evening meeting.

—Corres. E. L. Watson.

## WITH THE CADETS

SWANSEA (Captain Hanton, Lieutenant Farmer)—On Sunday we had Captain Gennery and Cadets Baddeley, Everitt and Vacher with us. Cadet Baddeley brought the message in the Holiness meeting. Cadet Vacher brought to us a few helpful lessons. At night Captain Gennery spoke. Two souls sought and found Christ.

Cadet Everitt spoke to the children in the Company meeting.

## SALVATION FOUND

ST. STEPHEN (Adjutant and Mrs. Stevens)—On Sunday morning, in the Holiness meeting, one Sister came forward. At night there was a seeker for Salvation.

Our Divisional Commander and Mrs. Riches were with us on Tuesday. In the afternoon Mrs. Riches conducted the Home League meeting.

## A QUEEN STREET CONVERSION

He Knelt at a Box, Placed on the Pavement, and There Met With the Redeemer, Who Gave Him Joyous Liberty

A SEEMINGLY endless tide of nondescript humanity flows up and down Queen Street, Toronto, on a Saturday night. These people of many races and beliefs are not so heedless as one might imagine. Last Saturday four Salvationists—Commandant Beecroft, his daughter, Sister Gertrude, Envoy Waye, of Dovercourt, and Brother Mark Black, of the Toronto Temple—held an Open-air at Queen and St. Patrick Streets. Scores of men, and a few women clustered about the little ring, listening eagerly to the testimonies and singing.

From 9 o'clock until 11 o'clock the intrepid quartet waged its warfare. Then a call was made to the weary and sin-sick to accept the Salvation of Jesus. A box and kneeling mat were placed on the pavement.

Whilst the sister comrade was singing there lurched from out of the

crowd a reeling drunkard. He entered the ring, and threw himself down before the box, burying his face in his hands.

Tenderly he was dealt with. The plan of Salvation was made clear, and in an amazing way God entered into his heart. The crowd thronged nearer as he arose from his feet—a sober man. One could almost sense the gasps of wonderment that went over the ever-growing group of lookers-on.

Then, in clear ringing tones, the man testified to having found deliverance from sin.

"I am going to join you here next Saturday night," he exclaimed as Commandant Beecroft shook him by the hand. He has been given the address of the nearest Corps and will thus be linked up with The Army.

Who says that there is no value in Open-air work?

## ROYAL CITY SPECIALS

LIPPINCOTT (Field-Major and Mrs. Squarebriggs)—The special week-end by the Guelph Trio, and Sergeant-Major Ede, and other comrades of that Corps, was greatly enjoyed. The hearty and soulful singing was of much blessing.

The Holiness message was full of old-time fire, and two comrades came out for Sanctification while the Sergeant-Major was speaking. A very hallowed season of consecration followed.

The Corps and comrades were greatly helped by this visit.

## BACKSLIDER RETURNS

KEMPTVILLE (Captain Pedlar, Lieutenant Hooke)—Much blessing was the outcome of the visit of Captain Fisher and a number of Bandsmen and Songsters of Ottawa. Good crowds attended the Open-air and inside services. The Captain's messages throughout the day were of benefit to all. One backslider returned. We recently welcomed into our midst Captain Pedlar.

## TWO NEW SOLDIERS

PORT COLBORNE (Captain and Mrs. Johnson)—On Sunday we had the Welland Band for the afternoon and evening meetings. During the afternoon several Open-air were held.

In the evening Captain Zarfas had charge of the meeting. Two comrades were enrolled. In the prayer-meeting four seekers surrendered to the call of Christ and found liberty at the Mercy-seat.—Lily Blanchard.

## SALVATION VISITORS

SMITH'S FALLS (Ensign and Mrs. Clarke)—Recent visitors have included Ensign Ashby, of the Subscribers Department, Captain Robson, of the Trade Department, Toronto, and Brigadier Bristow, our Divisional Commander. In the meetings conducted by these comrades we have had much blessing and souls have been seen kneeling at the foot of the Cross. Several young people decided for Christ on a recent Decision Sunday.

## THE MOTH-EATEN ARMY TUNIC

SWINGING down the street he came, his small son trudging by his side. It was raining, and the father was without a coat, but there was no thought of turning back from the Open-air.

His clothes were neatly brushed, his shoes shone until they glistened but—there were holes in his tunic.

The first to step into the ring and give a confident testimony; the first to volunteer to take a plate and collect—and no word of complaint about the increasing downpour or his damp clothes. The small son was no less eager about the whole business than Dad.

He spoke to us later in the day. We had heard that he was a restored backslider, and we were impressed by his sincerity and devotion.

"It's good to be back in the fight again," he said gladly; "I was away from God eight years. Every time I passed the Hall on my route (he is a postman) I felt the call of the good old Army—the call of God. I'm back once more, but see—this is what the moths did while my tunic lay idle," and he pointed to the riddled garment.

But it would take more than this to deter our comrade. Moths may destroy the cloth, but they cannot destroy what The Army tunic represents.

Last Sunday, "the Hallelujah Postman" and his wife, were welcomed back as Soldiers of the Fairbank Corps. The moth-eaten tunic promises to do still further faithful service. The moths have gone on "hunger strike," for they "love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil."

## LARGE CROWDS ATTEND

Divisional Commander Farewells

SARNIA (Adjutant and Mrs. Harrison)—On a recent week-end we were visited by Major Ham, the Divisional Commander. This was the Major's farewell visit, and will long be remembered. There were splendid attendances at both Open-air and inside services.

On Sunday afternoon a special program was given by the Young People, the two Outposts uniting with the Corps on this occasion. The Young People's Band assisted throughout the afternoon.

The Sunday night service was full of interest. Adjutant Harrison and Sergeant-Major F. Walter referred to the Major's trojan service in the Division.

The Major gave a very able address which was fully appreciated.

## MIGHTY TO SAVE

TORONTO TEMPLE (Adjutant and Mrs. Larman)—The week-end services were seasons of power and profit. On Saturday night, at the close of an interesting meeting, a young woman sought Salvation. On Sunday evening the Band, with the Adjutant, visited the Swansea Corps. Captain Wiseman, of the Editorial Department, led the Temple meeting. After the Songster Brigade had rendered a touching selection, Captain Wiseman delivered a telling address.

In the prayer-meeting, in which Envoy Burdett rendered trojan service, two men sought and found Salvation. One of these young men had failed to take his stand as an Army Soldier in another city. He settled the question of Soldiership at the Mercy-seat.

The other young man had never sought Salvation before. Not long ago he held a responsible business position, but went astray. He told the Captain and the writer a pitiful tale of sin and shame, and handed over a vial, the contents of which he had been tempted to take to end it all. "Jesus is mighty to save!" Hallelujah!—D. Shankland.

## VISITORS BRING BLESSING

SUMMERSIDE (Captain Dearman, Lieutenant Pyke)—On Friday Staff-Captain and Mrs. Riches of St. John, conducted the service. We had a very good attendance, and the addresses were greatly enjoyed.

The Thursday night meeting was conducted by Staff-Captain Ellery, of St. John. The Staff-Captain's address was of great blessing.—A. McN.

## CLASS WELL ATTENDED

ESSEX (Captain and Mrs. Hetherington)—Recently we had Envoy Hewlett, of Windsor, with us for the week-end. We were much blessed. The following Sunday night meeting was taken by the Band. Our Bible Classes are being well attended.—H.G.

916 YONGE STREET  
Lawn Social and Sale of Work

on  
SATURDAY, JUNE 27th, at 3 p.m.

In aid of S.A. Receiving Home

Opened by

Colonel L. DesBrisay, at 3 p.m.

Special Program, 8 p.m.

RIVERDALE CITADEL  
MONDAY, JUNE 29th, at 8 p.m.

Thrilling Story—"JANIE,"

AND MUSICAL PROGRAM

By Wychwood Band Leaders

Admission - - Twenty-Five Cents

In Aid of Woodbine Corps

## THE BIRTHDAY BOX

### And What It Accomplished In Missionary Fields

MONTREAL CITADEL (Adjutant and Mrs. Cubitt)—Three helpful services were conducted on Sunday, by two former Soldiers of the Corps, in the persons of Ensign and Mrs. Walton. These comrade Officers have been on a well-earned furlough for the past few months after having spent seven years in the heart of Africa on Salvation Army missionary service. Their period of rest is now up and they are returning to the work they have learned to love.

A bright free-and-easy praise service was held in the afternoon. The Ensign enlightened us as to what was done with the money sent to him from the contributions to the birthday box. The idea of the birthday box primarily was for the Young People's Corps. Every Sunday the box was brought out and any Junior who had been blessed with a birthday during the previous week would contribute a cent for each year they were of age. This money was divided when a good sum had been obtained, and sent to Officers on missionary service who had departed from this Corps. Incidentally the Corps has two missionary Officers and they are sisters. One is Mrs. Adjutant Littler in China, the other Mrs. Ensign Walton. They are the daughters of Brother and Sister Fisher.

The scheme, being a good one, was introduced into the Senior Corps, as well so that each year quite a nice sum is collected and sent out in this manner. The Ensign told us that on one occasion he was enabled to purchase medicines for use among the sick natives with the money. On another occasion a Hall had been built by funds sent from Canada but the interior lighting of the building had not been provided for, so when the birthday box money arrived he purchased two large petrol lamps!

At the Salvation meeting a large gathering assembled despite the inclement weather. Here again the Ensign forcibly imparted the plain message of the Gospel. A ringing testimony was given by Ensign Feltham of Peterboro, who is at present home on furlough.—F. J. Knights.

## DEVOTIONS OF BLESSING

WEST TORONTO (Commandant and Mrs. Laing)—On Monday the Home League was visited by Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Moore, who led the spiritual meeting. Her address was an inspiration to every member present. The monthly devotional meetings are greatly enjoyed by the League.—H. Mair.

# A BRICK FULL OF BLESSING

Remarkable Story of Commissioner Samuel Brengle, D.D., who Recently Retired from Active Service in U.S.A.

IT IS difficult to realize that a brick thrown by a rough opposing Salvationists in America gave The Army one of its most powerful exponents of the Doctrine of Holiness and started one of its most prolific writers on his career as an author.

It was during the eighteen months of inaction which followed injury by that brick, however, that Commissioner Samuel Brengle, then a young Officer at Boston, Mass., began his first book, "Helps to Holiness," which was followed by several works of exceptional value.

In one of the many charming autobiographical touches which occur in the Commissioner's writings, he describes the conditions under which he was reared.

My father lost his life in the Civil War that raged from my first to my fifth year (he writes) and my mother was broken-hearted. The country was sadly impoverished. It was hard to get bread. In the frontier country where we lived, books were scarce, and I never saw a magazine or a newspaper.

As a child I worked hard all day. In the winter I trudged knee-deep through snow, and in the spring through mud to a little wind-swept school-house far away. Every two weeks a preacher came to a church more than a mile away, and I went to hear him.

## Early Influences

At thirteen years of age I was converted in the little church. The leading member, a farmer and local preacher, had a small library and loaned me books. Among them was "Stephen's History of Methodism," in four volumes. I was mightily moved by the story of pioneer-preachers who pushed through the savage wilderness over rough trails, amid blinding storms, and across unbridged torrential rivers, carrying the Gospel to lonely settlers in log cabins of the deep woods and sod-covered dug-outs on the plains. When I had no other books to read I turned to "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary," for diversion. At fourteen I went into the city to high school.

In order to graduate at the university the Commissioner had to work very strenuously and sacrifice both time and money, but he won through, and actually obtained a church.

Almost immediately, however, he was called upon to make a choice which had a far-reaching effect upon

his life. A multi-millionaire had built one of the finest churches in Brengle's native estate, and the congregation was looking for a pastor. Samuel Brengle, recommended for the post by the vice-president of his college, accepted the call with delight. But God intervened. At a Holiness gathering it was revealed to him that he was not to be a settled pastor but an evangelist, and despite the apparent absence of suitable openings, he trusted God and plunged into his work for which, during the greater part of his career, he has proved himself eminently qualified.

## Bootblack Graduate

Later meeting and marrying a young Salvationist, this successful Methodist minister and evangelist decided to offer himself for service in The Army, and together they journeyed to England for the necessary training.

Subjected to the discipline and duties common to all Cadets, "Brother" Brengle was one morning sent down into a dark cellar to blacken boots for his fellow-Cadets. Describing the incident, he says, "The Devil came to me and reminded me that a few years before I had graduated from a university, that I had spent a couple of years in a leading theological school, had been pastor of a church, had just left evangelistic work in which I had seen hundreds seeking the Saviour, and that now I was only blacking boots for a lot of ignorant lads." But with characteristic aptitude of expression the new Cadet prayed, "But, Lord, You washed disciples' feet, and I'll clean their boots."

When the Commissioner returned to the United States and began his career as a Field Officer, the fight was hard. Taunton (Mass.) was his first Corps, followed by Danbury and Boston, where the brick laid him low for so long and gave him time to think and write.

On his recovery he became Divisional Commander, then served as Provincial Secretary for the two Metropolitan Provinces of America with Headquarters in Chicago and New York. He gloried in the opportunity afforded him, but notwithstanding this fact, he still felt a strong call to the work of an evangelist.

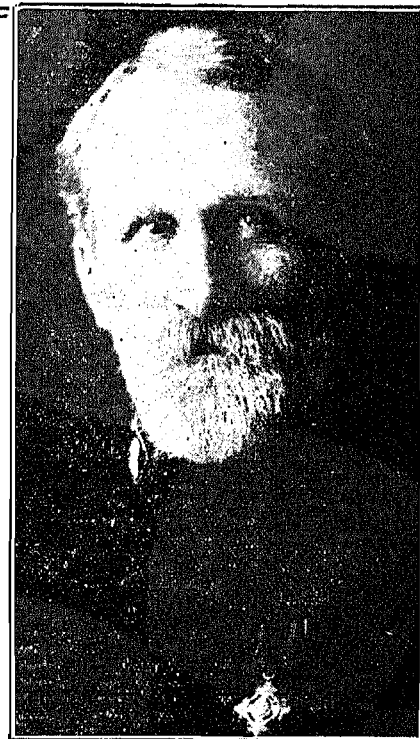
One day he sought an audience with the Consul, and told her of his convictions. He was shortly afterwards appointed National Spiritual Special.

That was in 1897. His special work took him into every part of the United States. In 1904 the Founder appointed Commissioner Brengle International Spiritual Special, and he carried out a series of extensive campaigns in European countries in Great Britain, in Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. Everywhere his books had prepared the ground for him, and everywhere his personal service and character enhanced his exceptional reputation as a man of God, a Holiness teacher, and a champion of righteousness.

## University Honor

In 1907 his old college, the De Pauw University, conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon him, but he continued his evangelistic efforts with the singleness of eye and humility of spirit which had been characteristic of him all through his Officer-career.

In 1925 the Commissioner visited Great Britain for campaigns, and while in London was promoted to the rank of Commissioner. He returned to the U.S.A. in order to assist General Bramwell Booth in his campaigns in the Territories of that great country, and then to continue with his own special and splendid work. With the years he has increasingly



Commissioner Samuel Brengle, D.D.

become a strength and comfort to his comrades.

Mrs. Brengle, who was promoted to Glory in 1915, helped him considerably. Her first book, "The Cradle of Empire"—dealing with The Army's early-day Training methods, was an authentic voice of God to him. Her addresses, her personality, her letters to him, her work and prayers for him, all these were a source of strength to the Commissioner in the important undertakings which fell to his lot.

## JUNE WEDDING BELLS

### Interesting Union at Danforth

Adjutant Larman was the mediator of the matrimonial covenant at an interesting June wedding, which took place on Saturday last. Sister Dorothy McAllister and Bandsman Gordon Butt, of Danforth, were the happy young folk who became man and wife on this occasion. These comrades are well-known and active Soldiers of their Corps.

The event took place at the home of the bride's parents. Miss T. McAllister was bridesmaid, and Bandsman William Keith supported the groom.

A large number of friends were present.

We wish for our comrades many years of prosperous and serviceful life.

## IN HALL AND STREET

LUNENBURG (Ensign Beaumont, Lieutenant Eacott)—Brigadier Tilley conducted the week-end meetings and his messages brought much blessing.

The services on a recent Sunday were led by Adjutant Yost, of Territorial Headquarters. A large crowd listened to the Adjutant's message in the Open-air on Saturday evening. All day Sunday good crowds attended the meetings both in street and Hall.

The meetings were further enlivened by the music, song, and testimony of Commandant and Mrs. Smith, and Brother Batson, of Halifax.

## DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Continued from page 2)

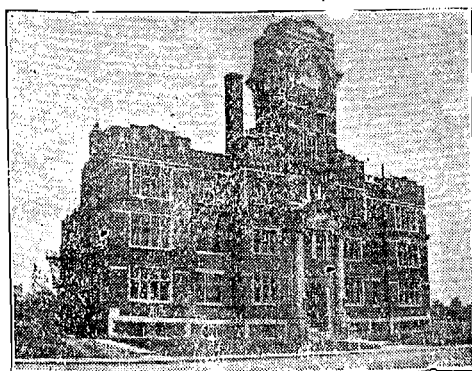
### SATURDAY

Scripture reading: Nehemiah 8:1-8

A thought for the day:  
To halls of heavenly truth wouldst thou admission win?  
Oft knowledge stands without, while love may enter in.

—Trench.

Let us sing Song No. 379.



## CANDIDATES!

## ATTENTION!!



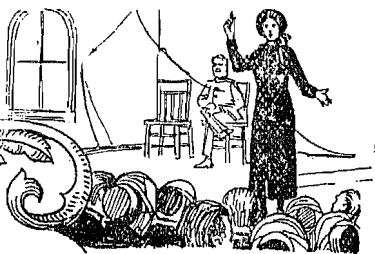
The Candidates' Board is now giving close attention to the settlement of applications for the next Training Session—

WOULD YOU TO BE THERE?

God and Souls call for Holy Ghost men and women who are ready and willing for Army Service



# Our WOMAN'S PAGE



## RHUBARB DISHES

### RHUBARB DELIGHT

Stew one cup of rhubarb in very little water and add sugar to taste. One cup is an average amount. Add a small lump of butter while hot, stir and mix thoroughly and chill. When ready to serve mix with half a cup of marshmallows cut up fine, half a cup of raisins which have been soaked in hot water and chilled with the marshmallows. Sprinkle with one-third cup of nuts. Serve in glass dishes topped with whipped cream. A red cherry or a strawberry makes an attractive garnish.

### RHUBARB JELLY

To two lbs. of rhubarb allow half a pint of water, half a lb. of sugar, one lemon, and carmine. Wash rhubarb without peeling and cut into small pieces. Put in a pan with the sugar water, thinly peeled rind, and strained juice of lemon, and stew until reduced to a pulp. Then strain and press out the juice. Measure the liquid and to each pint allow one oz. of gelatine. Put together into a pan and stir over fire until gelatine has dissolved. Strain into basin, add a few drops of carmine to make it a pretty pink color, and cool slightly. Then pour into a wetted mold and leave until firm. Turn out and serve with whipped and sweetened cream or a good custard sauce.

### BAKED RHUBARB

Four cupfuls of rhubarb, cut small, two cupfuls of granulated sugar, half teaspoon of mace, one-quarter teaspoon of cinnamon, twelve whole cloves, one large orange. Place the ingredients all together in a greased casserole, adding the grated rind of the orange as well as juice and pulp. Cover and bake until rhubarb is almost tender. Uncover, bake fifteen minutes. Plain rhubarb sweetened and baked in this way is also delicious.

Turkey has its first woman surgeon, Saud Hanem, a young married woman, having passed the examination for her diploma with exceptional brilliance.

The world's unemployed number twenty million, it is claimed, eleven million of these being in Europe.

## The Capitulation of Cyrus Wedgwood

"A man always wears the collar he wore when he was twenty-five," was his creed, but even "new-fangled contraptions" have their use

CYRUS WEDGWOOD had a philosophy of life which he carried out with refreshing consistency. It was in the nature of a Dictum—capable of a thousand forms of interpretation. Whenever occasion offered, it became his text. Sometimes it served the purpose of a springboard, from which he would launch offensively into the sins of modern youth; then again he used it as a peg from which he suspended his homely homilies. To its advantage of conciseness was added a sartorial realism that lifted it entirely out of the rut of abstract thought, and conferred upon it a unique practicality. It had a Carlyle touch—though Wedgwood was not aware of it. This was the Dogma: A man always wears the collar he wore when he was twenty-five.

By way of clarification Cyrus would sometimes explain that "A man's bound to be adjusted to things as they were in his twenties and thirties, and there's no reason under the sun why he should change." Of course he realized his Dogma was not generally accepted. But that was neither here nor there. A truth does not depend upon general recognition for its veracity.

Some people, the younger ones in particular, declared that he was old-fashioned. Well, he was certainly old. It was seventy summers since he had made his initial contact with things terrestrial. Strangely enough, some of the pristine pink of those

very early days had returned to him in these later years, and with each laugh it suffused his round cheery face, and even wriggled in mischievous waves about the back of his neck, sometimes reaching in delicate ripples as far as the glossy barrens of an equally pink pate.

But back to the Creed! An almost incredible thing happened recently—just on two months ago, in fact—and Cyrus hasn't resorted to the famous Dictum since!

One night when Mrs. Wedgwood was reddening her face over a frying pan of potatoes, she remarked that "Sally was in to-day."

Cyrus looked up from his paper. He had been reading of an aged motorist who was instantly killed at a level crossing and had cogitatively disinterred his Dictum to prove that a man of eighty-two should have had sufficient sense not to tamper with the contraptions of the new generation.

"Humph," he grunted.

## FATHER KNOWS

*I've learned as days have  
passed me,  
Fretting never lifts the load,  
And that worry, much or little,  
Never smooths an irksome  
road;  
For you know that, somehow,  
always,  
Doors are opened, ways are  
made,  
When we work and live in  
patience  
Under all the crosses laid.*

*He who waters meadow-lilies  
With dew from out the sky  
He who feeds the fluttering  
sparrows  
When in need of food they  
cry,  
Never fails to aid His children  
In their stress, though great  
or small,  
For His ears are always open  
To their faintest far-off call.*

"Yes, dear. She says we should have a radio. It would—"

The old man dropped his paper. "Martha," he said sternly, after clearing his throat, "You should know better than to mention radio to me. What do we want with a new-fangled thing? It is all right for them young people as don't know no better. But it'll never come into our house, now I'm telling you once and for all. Never! It's an invention that's of little use, except to make people waste their time and money. It makes 'em lazy. We ain't going to change our ways just to suit the whims and fancies of the younger generation. Sophie knows that."

Then he stood up, in awful indignation, as the full horror of the suggestion gripped his soul, raking him from centre to circumference.

"How many times must I tell you that a man never stops wearin' the collar he wore when he was twenty-five?"

Just then the 'phone rang, and Martha answered it. She came back to her potatoes in a moment.

"Jim's goin' to The Army. A Band program. He wants us to go and I said we would." There was a faint flush on her wrinkled face as she put the potatoes on the table. Cyrus

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS

When your saucepan catches, quickly remove it from the stove, and pop it into a pan of cold water. This will prevent the scorched taste.

When making uncooked icing, add a lump of butter. This gives it a creamy consistency.

When putting dried bread through a food chopper, draw a large paper bag over the chopper. This will help keep the crumbs from flying.

If you wish to prevent raisins, currants or citron peel from sinking to the bottom of your cake, have them well warmed in the oven before adding them to the batter.

A little vinegar poured into a pan and slowly heated over the fire will remove any unpleasant odor from it.

Dishes and silver used for serving fish should always be rinsed in cold water before washing. It takes away the "fishy" taste.

Tea stains on cups and teapots can be easily removed with a little salt.

Refrigerators should be washed at least once a week with hot water and soap. Never use a soap which contains strong chemicals; it leaves a peculiar odor which is quickly absorbed by the food, making it very unpalatable.

Small Son (listening intently to a radio preacher discourse on the Devil): "Dad, can the Devil hear all that?"

Dad: "I expect he can, my son."  
Small Son: "Well, Dad, he ought to feel jolly well ashamed of himself!"

had suspected her of heresy for some time, but he couldn't prove it.

It was a good meeting, and after it was over the old couple chattered like children all the way home.

"You don't usually leave the parlor light on," Cyrus said reprovingly, when they reached the house.

"I must have forgotten it," returned Martha, feebly apologetic. "But then, it only costs a few cents a—"

"Martha Wedgwood!" Cyrus clutched his wife's arm. "There's people in there. See! They're walkin' about."

"Oh—Oh!"

The door was unlocked when they tried it. As soon as they stepped in the hallway they heard a strange voice.

"And now we are to hear Madam—"

Cyrus rushed into the living room, but stopped abruptly two feet from the door. He was positively petrified in his tracks, and, for once, speechless. He had no eyes for the grown-up sons and daughters. He failed to catch the glint in Martha's eye. In a corner of the room stood—a radio.

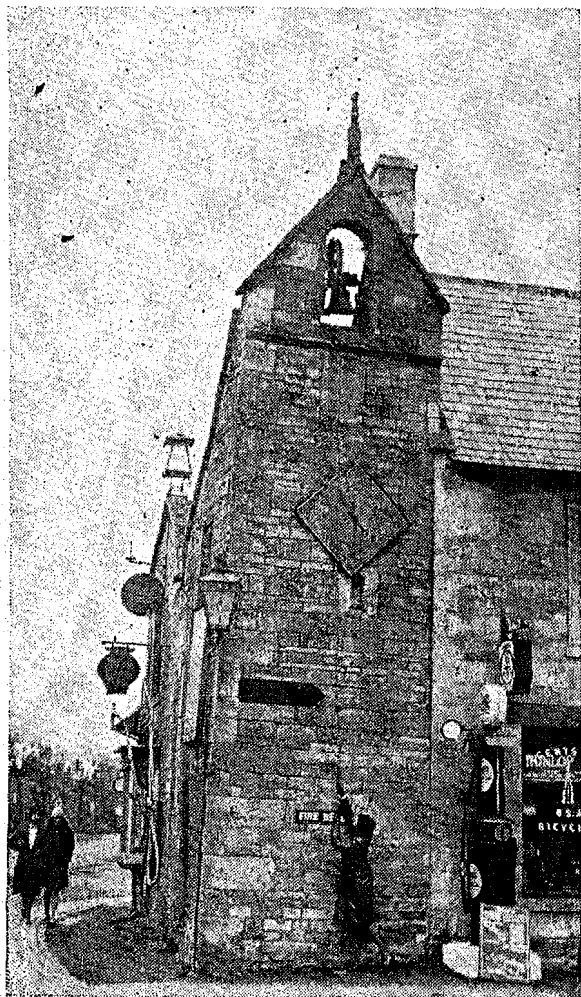
Then he found his voice, and his manner was terrible to behold.

"What did I say?" he thundered forth. "Never—in this house. A man can't stop wearin'—"

He ceased suddenly. Madame Cherri was playing a violin solo, an old haunting air, from the days of long ago. The music pulsed in glorious, tender cadences through the room. The old man looked at him feebly. His eye fell on his wife.

"S—say Martha, remember when you used to play that? I ain't heard it for years."—C.D.W.

## CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT



THERE are few who have not read Rose Hartwick Thorpe's pulsing poem, "Curfew must not ring to-night." The theme is of a young soldier in Cromwell's army, who had been condemned to die when curfew rang. Frenzied attempts had been made by the young man's lover for a reprieve, but all to no avail.

As the hour of execution drew nigh the maiden conceived a desperate plan.

Watching her chance she preceded the sexton, unseen, to the belfry, and, as the huge tongue of the bell was about to strike flung herself upon the tongue, her bruised and bleeding body muffling the sounds as the tongue swung back and forth—the deaf sexton being none the wiser.

The heroic girl's purpose was gained. She was able to carry the case to Cromwell himself and her lover's pardon was secured.

The ancient curfew bell of Moreton-in-the-Marsh, Gloucestershire, England, is now used as a fire-bell





An interesting event in the 1931 Congress program in China. Lieut.-Commissioner and Mrs. Oramas with Officers, Cadets and Soldiers, assembled for Flag hoisting ceremony on the site of the new Territorial Officers' Training Institute, Peiping

## HUNGARY'S SEPTENARY Anniversary Celebrations in Budapest

It is seven years since Colonel Rothstein commenced Salvation Army operations in Hungary. On Anniversary Sunday a fine Holiness meeting was held in the morning, and in the afternoon two big Open-air took place in the city park, where an immense crowd of people listened very attentively. At night a meeting was read in a suburb of Budapest. There were six surrenders in the morning, and at night six seekers came out voluntarily seeking Salvation.

Colonel Nielsen, the Territorial Commander for Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary, writes:

"We had Officers' Councils in Prague on Wednesday and Thursday, and the Lord gave us a blessed time. At a public demonstration I had the joy of handing over six new silver-plated instruments, which Denmark has presented to Czecho-Slovakia. After the presentation, we gave the people a chance to hear what music can be produced on the instruments. First we played two old, well-known Salvation Army tunes, and later on three short Danish melodies. It was very pleasant to listen to such well-tuned instruments."

## A STORY OF TWO PAWN TICKETS

Following a Slender Clue, Army Officers in Germany Discover and Aid a Would-be Suicide

COMMISSIONER and Mrs. Friedrich recently visited South Germany. Large halls were taken in every centre visited, where great crowds assembled. The Liederhalle, in Stuttgart, seating just over 2,000 people, was packed twice. The Staff Band, which was present in many of the places, contributed greatly to the success of the gatherings. In Frankfurt, Main, and in Stuttgart, the Staff Band broadcasted.

Brigadier Bühler, the Women's Social Secretary, tells the following incident which happened a few weeks ago:

"Just recently her Department received a letter in which two pawn tickets, for clocks, were enclosed, with the request to claim the two clocks in question, the writer saying he was sick and tired of life, and was going to make an end to it, and wished The Army to have any profit which might accrue from the two articles. The address given on the pawn tickets was Vienna. The Brigadier immediately communicated with that city, but her letter was returned marked 'unknown.' Although

it seemed futile, she arranged for a small note to be put in 'The War Cry,' asking the anonymous sender of the letter to call at our Headquarters. The Brigadier was hoping, of course, the young man had not carried out his threat.

"It appears, however, that he tried to shoot himself; but the pistol failed, and passers-by ran to his assistance. The police intervened and he was taken into custody for a week. Upon his release he called at our Headquarters for help, without revealing his identity. The Officer dealing with the case gave him the issue of 'The War Cry' referred to. To his great surprise he saw the notice, and wondered whether it referred to himself. Brigadier Bühler saw him, and discovered that he was indeed the sender of the letter. He was then passed on to Colonel Rothstein, who is in charge of the Anti-suicide Bureau, and who sent the man to one of The Army's Homes. He is a young married man of about thirty-one years of age, and is deeply grateful for what he regards as God's intervention in his case."

## RECRUIT BRINGS HIS OWN CORPS!

Magnificent Opportunities Await The Army in East Africa

A RECENT visit to Malakisi, Kenya Colony, by Lieut.-Colonel Wilson, the Territorial Commander, is a revelation of the magnificent opportunities which await The Army.

Accompanied by other Officers, the Colonel set out early one Sunday morning, and by ten o'clock an Open-air meeting was in progress in the township of Naivasha, sixty-five miles away. Three hundred people flocked to the meeting, and The Army tradition was maintained when a young man knelt in the ring.

At Nakum a congregation of 600 awaited the Officers and a meeting was held in the native location.

Later in the day, at the conclusion of a large Open-air meeting at Eldoret, about 600 people listened eagerly.

There is no Army Corps in any of these centres!

Malakisi was reached on the following Tuesday after a long drive, and meetings which were an inspiration to all concerned were held.

Writing of this place the Colonel says:

A welcome meeting took place on

Wednesday. Two and three miles away the voices of the approaching companies could be heard. Then they began to arrive in fifties and hundreds, the erect, lithe bodies of the women, with their bare shoulders, marching in perfect rhythm, and though these people have known nothing of The Army save the simple teacher, perhaps a recent Recruit or Soldier who is leading them on, they marched and clapped and sang in real stirring Army style.

Thus these real Army enthusiasts had come for many miles, marching along the ribbon-like native path, their food and necessities marvelously balanced on their heads.

"One Recruit brought his little band of sixty-two comrades from Cheptaisi, twenty-two miles away, where he has commenced work; although this place is not as yet recognized as an Outpost. Altogether 457 comrades gathered from the nine Corps and Outposts and took part in the march."

Fifty-three surrenders were made at the conclusion of this meeting!

Sixty comrades remained all night, and at an early-morning prayer-meeting sought the blessing of Holiness.

Kisumu, which has only been opened about six months, has already a splendid fighting force, and one of the Recruits during a "Win One" Campaign added fifty of his workmates and neighbors to the number.

In this Campaign the Colonel travelled 770 miles, conducted twenty-two crowded meetings, and there were 134 seekers. Eight languages had to be employed in addressing the crowds.

## ADDRESSES WORKMATES

Indian Convert's Bold Stand

Some time ago a smart young man, working on the railway, came to the Penitent-form at Lahore Central Corps. He took a bold stand, declared himself before his workmates as a Christian, and put a Salvation Army ribbon on his turban.

About 200 railway men, Hindus and Mahomedans, invited him to address them during the lunch hour one day. He did so, and several of the listeners desired him to secure Gospels for them. Now he has bought his wife a New Testament, so that she may acquaint herself with the Gospel, and he hopes to win her to Christ, too.

## POLICE INSPECTOR'S PLEA

Worst Drunkard in the Town Saved

Some time ago the Chief Secretary for Holland, Colonel Stankuweit, visited Maassluns, and during his meetings one of the worst drunkards of that little town came to the Penitent-form. This man is doing well; the whole town is impressed by the change in him since his conversion.

The chief inspector of the police, speaking to our Officer, told her how pleased he was that this man was so changed, and added, "There are in this little town three or four men like this drunkard was; please, can't you take care of them also and get them saved?"

Last Sunday our comrade, wearing full uniform, was sworn-in as a Soldier of The Army. He gives a clear testimony of the saving grace of Jesus Christ, and people listen with great attention to him, when he gives his testimony in the Hall and Open-air meetings.

## ARMY "FIRE BRIGADE"

Salvationists Help to Quell Blaze in Korea

Speaking of a recent Sunday morning meeting which he conducted at Yong Dok, Colonel Barr, Territorial Commander for Korea, says:

"It was one of the most remarkable demonstrations I have seen in Korea, when seventeen wept their way to the Altar. It was the first time since my arrival in this country that I have witnessed anything like it. The first seeker arose almost before the invitation was given and sobbed aloud as he knelt at the Cross, to be followed by sixteen others."

The Colonel adds a rather amusing incident which happened at Yong Dong:

"After a morning session of Officers' Councils, while having lunch, we saw a fire raging down town, and from the location judged it to be our Hall. We rushed along to see what could be done, and found the building next to our Hall and three others in a blaze. There was a well in our yard, but no use was being made of it, so we did a little volunteer fire brigade work.

Armed with bucket, pots, pans, and other receptacles, the Officers all joined in the effort, which came as a revelation to the official fire brigade (such as it is). Presently they brought two or three dozen canvas buckets, and added to our line. The result of our quick action on the crowd was electrical and the fire most satisfactory!"



**COMMISSIONER JAMES HAY,**  
Territorial Commander,

James and Albert Sts., Toronto, Ont.  
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Easter and Christmas issues) will be  
mailed to any address in Canada for  
twelve months, for the sum of \$2.50,  
prepaid.

All Editorial communications should be  
addressed to the Editor.

## GENERAL ORDERS

### NEW SONG BOOK

On and after July 1st, the new and  
enlarged Song Book must be brought  
into use at all Salvation Army Corps  
in Canada East and Newfoundland.

Personal and Corps supplies are  
now available at Toronto and St.  
John's, Newfoundland.

### FOUNDER'S DAY

Sunday, July 5th, will be cele-  
brated at every Corps throughout  
the Territory as "Founder's Day."

Every Corps will be expected to  
celebrate the event in a worthy man-  
ner, and to make appeals for service  
and for consecration to the work of  
The Army in the meetings through-  
out the day.

**JAMES HAY,**  
Commissioner.

## OFFICIAL GAZETTE

### PROMOTIONS—

To be Captain:

Lieutenant Reginald Butler.  
Lieutenant Charles Flett.  
Lieutenant Edith Goodale.  
Lieutenant Dorothy Smith.

**JAMES HAY,**  
Territorial Commander.

## THE COMMISSIONER IN ENGLAND

Commissioner and Mrs. Hay will be  
in Great Britain for a few weeks.  
The Commissioner will be meeting  
the General on important Army af-  
fairs, and during the Commissioner's  
presence in London the General has  
invited him to speak to the Band-  
masters assembled at the General's  
Council there.

After furlough Commissioner and  
Mrs. Hay will be returning (D.V.)  
fresh for the fray.

In the meantime, Colonel Dalziel,  
the Chief Secretary, will, with the  
Heads of Departments, and Divisional  
Commanders, be pursuing the whole  
program of Army activities through-  
out the Territory. The Commissioner  
will be in close touch with Territorial  
affairs.

# LIFE-SAVING SCOUTS and GUARDS ATTEND DIVINE SERVICE PARADE conducted by THE TERRITORIAL COMMANDER IN CROWDED TORONTO TEMPLE

**O**LD SOL beamed from a cloudless  
sky upon a veritable kaleido-  
scope of animated coloration, in  
the Toronto Armouries' Square on  
Sunday morning last.

Grey and red and red and blue-clad  
lassies and lads were in evidence  
everywhere, long lines of them  
stretching in smart formation across  
the length of the square.

For many weeks the Life-Saving  
Scouts and Guards of Toronto and  
district had anticipated this 6th An-  
nual Divine Service Parade, and with  
uniforms spic and span, shoes scintil-  
lating in the sun, and broad smiles,  
they awaited the Territorial Leader's  
advent.

A ripple of excitement ran down  
the serried ranks when the Commis-  
sioner and his party arrived. A Guard  
of Honor, composed of General's  
Scouts and Guards escorted him  
through the grounds. At a given sig-  
nal, the leaders of the various troops  
stepped forth in a body, gave the  
Commissioner the full salute, and lis-  
tened with keen attentiveness whilst  
he spoke to them for a few moments.

The March Past of the Colors fol-  
lowed, an impressive ceremony, which  
was accompanied by the stirring  
strains of "Onward Christian Sol-  
diers" from the Temple Band.

### Snapping to it!

And then the inspection! How those  
Guards snapped into the alert! With  
what pride the Scouts straightened  
their shoulders and looked sharply  
ahead! The Commissioner, accom-  
panied by the Territorial Young  
People's Secretary, Major Spooner,  
the Divisional Commanders and  
Young People's Secretaries, went  
from rank to rank, passing a  
word of commendation here, making  
an apt observation there, and look-  
ing immensely pleased with the de-  
portment the whole while.

In double-quick time, after the  
playing of the National Anthem by  
the Band, and the salute of the  
Colors, the Life-Savers were in  
marching order. They formed a verit-  
able picture of chromatic and rhyth-  
mic movement as they marched up  
University Avenue, along Dundas and  
down Bay Streets and from thence  
along Albert to the saluting base at  
the corner of James. There they gave  
the Commissioner the full salute as  
they filed by, and marched into the  
Temple for Divine Service.

What an inspiring audience those  
three hundred and thirty young folk  
made. They took up the martial  
words of "Onward, Christian Sol-

diers," with fervor, and, following  
Major Spooner's earnest petition be-  
fore the Throne of Grace, joined re-  
verently in the Lord's Prayer.

Pledge and Covenant were re-  
peated, Regimental Scout Leader  
(Captain) A. Cameron, leading the  
exercise. The Scripture portion was  
read by Captain G. Bloss, the Terri-  
torial Guard Organizer, after which  
the Temple Songsters rendered a  
most fitting number, "Keep in Step."

The Leaders were particularly for-  
tunate in that they were the recipi-  
ents of Mrs. Hay's appealing exhorta-  
tions, in which she urged upon them  
a fuller realization of their responsi-  
bilities.

### Wide Doors of Hope

With eyes and ears wide open, the  
Life-Savers took in every word of the  
Commissioner's address. His message  
was happily presented, and remark-  
ably well adapted to the youthful  
auditors. Christ's Divinity, in human  
form, he pointed out, opens to us wide  
doors of hope that we, though faced  
with the temptations of life, can be  
Christ-like at the same time!

A closing song, the pronoun-  
cement of the Benediction, and the sing-  
ing of the National Anthem con-  
cluded this most inspiring and up-  
lifting service. Its memory, we ven-  
ture to say, will remain as a profit-  
able spiritual influence in the lives of  
the Life-Savers for many years to  
come.

## SCOTLAND'S HIGH COMMISSIONER Visits Social Institution

Recently the Lord High Commis-  
sioner for Scotland, accompanied by  
Mrs. Brown and members of their  
suite, visited the Men's Social Hostel,  
Edinburgh, where they were received  
by Brigadier and Mrs. Polley, and  
Adjutant and Mrs. Goddard, the  
Officers in charge.

To a crowd of men in the dining-  
room the visitor spoke regarding his  
personal knowledge of The Army's  
work, and Mrs. Brown was specially  
greeted by Life-Saving Guard Fran-  
ces Goddard, daughter of the Institu-  
tion Officers. During a detailed in-  
spection of the building Her Grace  
expressed great pleasure at its clean-  
liness and comfort, especially the bed-  
rooms, in which appreciation she was  
heartily joined by the Lord High  
Commissioner.

## FOUNDER'S DAY

To be Celebrated Throughout  
the Territory on July 5th

Every Salvationist will want to  
join in praise to God for the glorious  
life, work, influences, and everlasting  
benediction brought on the world  
through the life of our worthy  
Founder, General William Booth.

While there may be quite a num-  
ber of Salvationists on holiday at  
this time, and while many of the  
Corps forces may be depleted, and  
some Bands be unable to have as full  
a representation as they would like,  
let us nevertheless do our utmost to  
worthily celebrate the day.

Every Corps Officer will, without  
exception, desire to give an address  
adequate to the occasion. Every  
Young People's Corps will have  
suitable reference made by the  
Young People's Sergeant-Major, or  
by the Commanding Officer, as the  
case may be.

The whole Salvation Army through-  
out Canada East and Newfoundland,  
and indeed Salvationists throughout  
the world, only need to be reminded  
thus to feel renewed desire to give  
thanks to God, to bless His Holy  
Name for all He did in and through  
our Founder, and to call upon all  
Salvationists to afresh dedicate  
themselves to the great aims and  
objects of William Booth. Every  
consideration must also be given to  
the backsliders who have left the  
service of God and The Army, and  
plans should be made to recover  
such.

## CANADA AND JAPAN

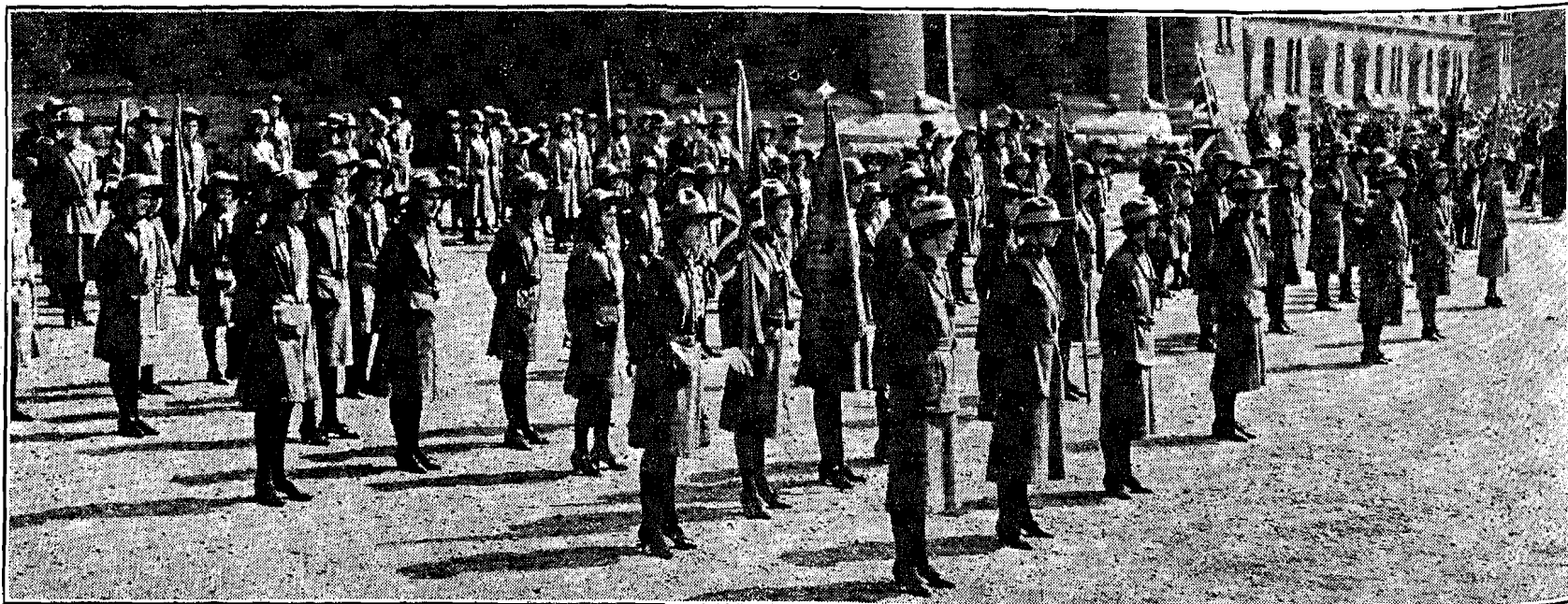
The General has appointed Lieut.-  
Colonel Ernest Pugmire to succeed  
Colonel Miller as Chief Secretary for  
the Canada West Territory, and he  
will take up his new duties about the  
middle of July.

It will be remembered that, on  
account of Mrs. Pugmire's health,  
Colonel Pugmire recently farewelled  
from Japan, where he held the  
position of Chief Secretary for nearly  
six years. We are glad to say that  
Mrs. Pugmire is much better.

The Colonel and his wife are, of  
course, well-known in Canada East,  
for the Colonel, for some twelve  
years, worked in various positions in  
the East and West of the Canadian  
Dominion. For a number of years  
he was engaged on Territorial Head-  
quarters, and was a member of the  
Staff Band, being a survivor of the  
"Empress" disaster.

May God continue to bless our  
comrades in their new sphere of  
service.

Staff-Captain Bunton has received  
603 men from the Toronto Police  
Court up to the end of May, this year.  
Proof of the success of this work is  
that the percentage of men who re-  
turn to the Courts is very small.



Toronto Life-Saving Guards, in their trim uniforms, on the Armouries Parade Ground, on the occasion of the Sixth Annual Divine Service Parade



## ASCENSION GLORIES

### Blessings in Zurich and Lusanne

"A DAY of sunshine" is a suitable expression with which to describe this year's Ascension Day in Zurich. From behind the mountains, painted in all the colors of the Swiss spring, rose the radiant giver of daylight in great splendor and glory, and sunshine was also in the hearts and reflected on the faces of the thousands of Salvationists who gathered from mountain and valley, from town and village and lonely cottage, to take part in the proceedings.

The unavoidable absence of the Chief of the Staff caused considerable regret, but Commissioner Rich, from Sweden, was heartily received.

With Commissioner Rich and Commissioner and Mrs. Howard at the head, a monster procession marched from the station through the main thoroughfare to the martial strains of fourteen Bands cheering all hearts.

In the great four-masted tent, erected on an ideal site in the centre of the city and at the border of the lake, and seating nearly 5,000 people, three remarkable meetings were held. In the afternoon 220 seekers were registered. It was a wonderful day, in which 352 came forward for Salvation and Holiness.

Commissioner Friedrich, from Germany, was the leader of the Ascension gatherings held for the Salvationists of French-Switzerland in Lausanne.

Although on account of the economic crisis the Salvationists from the Jura could not take part, a great and happy crowd gathered for the fine procession and the events in the tent. At the end of the day ninety-two seekers were counted.

Commissioner Friedrich also gave a much-appreciated lecture in Zurich on the following day (Friday), and led the week-end gatherings in the tent in Zurich with over 120 seekers.

Commissioner Rich also conducted the week-end meetings in the tent in Lausanne, where many thousands heard the Saviour's call. Sixty-three seekers were registered. — Sidney Treite, Major.

# OUR LONDON OUTLOOK

International Headquarters,  
June 3rd, 1931.

## COMRADESHIP

A PARAGRAPH in the London "War Cry," concerning the whereabouts of a comrade whose name was found on the fly-leaf of a book picked up on a second-hand book-stall, has brought in quite a little correspondence. Comrades who have remembered him have written giving their latest news and some have asked for further information. Quite by coincidence "The War Cry" published this morning, announces the comrade in question as being appointed Special Efforts Secretary for the Canada East Territory. Major John Ritchie is certainly not forgotten in this country.

## A MISSIONARY PIONEER

Canadians will recall the visit of the party of Koreans to their country some years ago. Their leader on that occasion, Major Hill, is now in this country on furlough from Barbadoes and he is telling some of his Korean experiences. At the Council which the Chief of the Staff conducted with Young People's Census Local Officers, the Major made a deep impression by his testimony, and at other great meetings he has been able to speak of the sacrifice which missionary service entails. Such reminders cannot come too frequently in a period when true missionary fervor seems to be greatly interfered with by the distractions and uncertainties which abound.

## "BUTTERED TOAST"

Those who can claim a place in the first edition of "The War Cry" are now very few. The great majority have gone to the other side, and the

survivors were last Sunday still further reduced by the promotion to Glory of Staff-Captain Mrs. Evans. This comrade belonged to another age of evangelists. She joined the Rev. William Booth in his earliest days of independent labor for the people, on terms which are well worth repeating.

"There's no salary guaranteed," said the Founder to her on the occa-

## By The SALVATION LONDONER

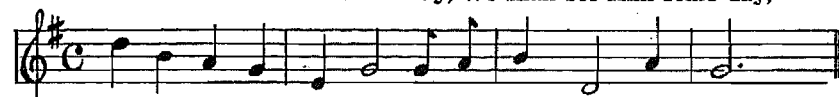
Evans, by the hand, "He will not only give you bread and water, but will sometimes throw in a bit of buttered toast!" This prophecy was often referred to by the pioneer woman-Officer, and she never failed to add, "And He has done so!" Her last years were overshadowed by much illness, but her remarkable personality shone strongly through all incapacity and her vivid accounts of

## SING THIS SONG OF FAITH

### WE SHALL SEE HIM SOME DAY



We shall see Him some day, We shall see Him some day,



How our hearts will thrill with rapture, When we see Him some day.

sion of her "joining up" with the Christian Mission. "If I send you to a town you must do your best to get a congregation and keep it. If you pay £1 a week for a Hall, you must get that £1, and so on. If there's anything over, you can keep it for yourself." "I'm not afraid of that!" replied this intrepid woman; "I have the promise!"

"What promise?" asked the interviewer quickly.

"That bread shall be given and water shall be sure," she replied.

"If you are coming to us with that belief," said the Founder, taking Mrs.

early-day warfare, told in the sick-room, make one sad at the thought that such a powerful historian did not put her memories on paper.

## THE MILLION!

The Salvation Army Assurance Society is naturally very proud over its achievement in reaching the million mark in the year's premiums. When one Officer, not very long ago, suggested the slogan, "Merrily for the Million," one of the shrewdest of the Staff demurred at setting up an impossible standard even in a slogan. But the impossible has once more been achieved. Salvationists, however, rejoice much more over the splendid Salvationism of the Society. Lieut. - Commissioner Cuthbert, the Managing Director, tells some remarkable stories of soul-saving during the 250,000 calls which the Agents make upon the people in their homes every week. In addition to this great personal service, the Society's Officers and agents conduct two thousand week-end campaigns every year.

## SOME MIXTURE!

It appears that some people outside our ranks study "The War Cry" more closely than some within! Meeting the new Officer of the Regent Hall Corps in Hyde Park, last week, Prebendary Carlile, the veteran founder and head of The Church Army, said as soon as the Officer mentioned his name: "So you are the new Premier!"

The Premier of "The War Cry" Herald's Parliament (The Circulation Notes) expressed surprise at the knowledge displayed, but the venerable Churchman declared that he read "The War Cry" and mixed it with "The Church Times."

## THE CHIEF SECRETARY

### Presides Over Demonstration

The Life-Saving Scouts and Guards of Lisgar Street Corps (Toronto) presented a united program in their Citadel on Wednesday, June 10th.

The genial chairmanship of the Chief Secretary added considerably to the attractiveness of this event. A large crowd which practically filled the spacious Hall, witnessed the efforts of the Life-Savers, and were high in their praise of the gymnastic features on the program.

The Scouts, under the leadership of Captain A. Cameron, appeared for the first time in their natty new tumbling attires.

# WHERE ARE THEY GOING?

## Officers Concerned in the Present Canada East Field Change

### SOME OF THE NEW APPOINTMENTS ARE HERE PRESENTED

#### Halifax Division:

Bridgewater, Capt. B. Wisheart; Dartmouth, Capt. and Mrs. W. Selvage, Kentville, Capt. and Mrs. E. Hutchinson; New Glasgow, Comdt. and Mrs. Davis; Oxford, Capt. A. Ritchie; Pictou, Capt. and Mrs. B. Cobham; Springhill, Capt. and Mrs. Lynch; Stellarton, Ens. and Mrs. Pentney; Trenton, Ens. Beaumont; Truro, Comdt. and Mrs. Jordan; Yarmouth, Captain and Mrs. F. Tilley.

#### Hamilton Division:

Barrie, Ens. and Mrs. Barfoot, Brantford, Adj. Bird, Ens. Hart; Bridgeburg, Capt. and Mrs. Janaway; Galt, Ens. and Mrs. J. Wood; Guelph, Comdt. and Mrs. Laing; Hamilton II, Adjutant and Mrs. Alderman; Hamilton IV, Ens. and Mrs. Jolly; Hamilton V, Ens. and Mrs. Knaap; Hespeler, Capt. and Mrs. Zarfas; Niagara Falls I, Comdt. and Mrs. Johnston; Paris, Capt. and Mrs. Johnston; Port Colborne, Capt. Nesbitt, Lieut. Ellwood; Preston, Capt. V. Greenshields, Lieut. Bradbury; Simcoe, Capt. and Mrs. A. Bryant; Welland, Ens. and Mrs. Capson; Waterloo, Ensign L. Collins, Lieut. D. Bateman.

#### London Division:

Listowel, Capt. and Mrs. J. Patterson; London I, Ens. and Mrs. Ellis; London II, Ens. and Mrs. Everitt; London III, Ens. and Mrs. Cornthwaite; London IV, Ens. Burns, Capt. Letts; Owen Sound, Ens. and Mrs. A. McMillan; Stratford, Adj. Hickling, Ens. Richardson; Strathroy, Capt. and Mrs. Allen; Tillsonburg, Captain and Mrs. Wilder; Woodstock, Adj. and Mrs. Luxton.

#### Montreal Division:

Belleville, Ens. and Mrs. Calvert; Brockville, Capt. Payne, Lieut. Smith; Gananoque, Capt. M. Dawe; Montreal

Citadel, Adj. W. Jones, Lieut. Gaylard; Amherst Park, Capt. and Mrs. Oliver; Notre Dame West, Adj. and Mrs. Thompson; Point St. Charles, Comdt. and Mrs. R. Speller; Rosemount, Adj. and Mrs. A. Cummings; Napanee, Ens. and Mrs. Worthyake; Picton, Ens. Danby, Lieut. Bridle; Trenton, Ens. A. Kennedy, Lieut. T. Beeston.

#### North Bay Division:

Cobalt, Ens. and Mrs. E. Powell; New Liskeard, Capt. and Mrs. P. Lindores; North Bay, Adj. and Mrs. G. Kirbyson; Parry Sound, Capt. and Mrs. A. Cameron; Sault Ste. Marie I, Adj. and Mrs. H. Rix; Sault Ste. Marie II, Capt. and Mrs. J. Renshaw; Sudbury, Capt. and Mrs. V. Underhill; Timmins, Adj. and Mrs. I. Jones.

#### Ottawa Division:

Ottawa II, Adj. and Mrs. Waters; Ottawa III, Adj. and Mrs. Kitson; Pembroke, Adj. E. Webster, Lieut. A. Howells.

#### St. John Division:

Amherst, Ens. and Mrs. Mercer; Campbellton, Comdt. and Mrs. Graves; Charlottetown, Adj. and Mrs. Kimmins; Fredericton, Adj. and Mrs. B. Stevens; Moncton, Adj. and Mrs. P. Cubitt; Sackville, Capt. Jardine, Lieut. M. Mason; St. John I, Adj. and Mrs. A. Martin; St. John III, Captain and Mrs. E. Hammond; St. Stephen, Comdt. and Mrs. Sanford; Summerside, Capt. P. Ritchie, Lieut. G. Berry; Sussex, Ens. Z. Ward, Capt. V. Ward; Woodstock, Capt. and Mrs. T. Ritchie.

#### Sydney Division:

New Waterford, Ensign and Mrs. A. Green; North Sydney, Ens. and Mrs. Jennings; Sydney, Adj. and Mrs. Cran-

well; Sydney Mines, Ens. and Mrs. J. Mills; Whitney Pier, Ens. Hiscott, Ens. Adcock.

#### Toronto East Division:

Bedford Park, Capt. Campbell, Lieut. Vanderheiden; Cobourg, Adj. and Mrs. C. Robinson; Danforth, Comdt. and Mrs. Barclay; Fenelon Falls, Ens. and Mrs. Tildman; Leaside, Capt. and Mrs. Ford; Oshawa, Adj. Mrs. Kettle, Capt. Barrett; Peterboro, Adj. and Mrs. Falle; Riverdale, Capt. and Mrs. G. Pilfrey; North Toronto, Ens. and Mrs. H. Wood; Todmorden, Capt. and Mrs. T. Murray.

#### Toronto West Division:

Aurora, Capt. J. Smith, Lieut. Cooke; Brampton, Capt. and Mrs. Pearo; Earls Court, Ens. and Mrs. R. Gage; Fairbank, Ens. and Mrs. G. Petrie; Georgetown, Capt. W. Pedlar; Lisgar St., Ens. and Mrs. A. Dixon; Toronto I, Comdt. and Mrs. Woolfrey; Lansing, Capt. C. Smith; Long Branch, Capt. F. Lennox, Lieut. F. Williams; New Toronto, Capt. D. Smith, Lieut. V. Churchill; Oakville, Capt. T. Batten; Rowntree, Adj. E. Clague, Ens. A. Clague; Scarlett Plains, Capt. and Mrs. B. Purdy; West Toronto, Adj. McLean, Adj. Hayward; Wychwood, Capt. and Mrs. Hiltz.

#### Windsor Division:

Essex, Ens. and Mrs. Dickinson; Kingsville, Capt. S. Barrett; Leamington, Ens. and Mrs. K. MacGillivray; Petrolia, Ensign O. Page; Ridgeway, Capt. and Mrs. Matthews; Wallaceburg, Ens. L. Danby, Capt. A. Gray; Windsor I, Ens. and Mrs. Warrander; Walkerville, Capt. and Mrs. C. Hetherington; Sandwich, Ens. and Mrs. Hobbins; East Windsor, Adjts. Johnston and Thornton.

A Page For Our Musical Fraternity



## TESTING AN INSTRUMENT

An Expert Writes on the Proper Method to be Followed

### HESSE AND HIS ORGAN MUSIC

NOT a few composers are ill-spoken of by players who really know little or nothing of them and their work but are always ready to express an opinion of the second-hand variety. Among these composers is Adolf Friedrich Hesse. Many, with a rooted idea that he is pedantic, dry-as-dust, hopelessly out-of-date, and the rest of it, have long since relegated him to the shelf for these reasons. As a fact, he is a good deal more interesting than is generally supposed. Certainly his music deserves to be more widely known and played than it is.

Hesse's most important compositions are for the organ and comprise preludes, fugues, fantasias and studies. But he wrote also an oratorio, "Tobias," six symphonies, overtures, cantatas, motets, one piano-forte concerto, one string quintet, two string quartets and pianoforte pieces. Yet, as is the case with Rheinberger, it is by his organ music that he deserves to be and, one is optimistic enough to think, will be, remembered.

Hesse's music, or the greater part of it, is almost as effective on a small as on a big organ; and this alone is a pretty sure indication of its merits. It is calculated to serve as a wholesome corrective to some too-prevalent features of modern organ-writing with its pianistic style, restless tonality and fidgety registration. It is just blunt, honest, straightforward music. Fine as is so much of the present-day output, there is still, or ought to be, ample room for music that was written at a time when the organ offered less scope for digital display and dazzling "coloring."

One of the choicest virtues of Hesse's music is that it seems to breathe a sort of good-natured homeliness; and this, too, is something for which we should be grateful in these days.

MANY instrumentalists believe that the proper manner in which to test a cornet is to produce a tone with the first and second valves and then endeavor to produce the exact tone with the third valve. The argument in support of this fallacy is that the first valve being a one-tone valve and the second valve being a half-tone, the combination makes three half-tones (a minor third), while the third valve, when used alone, should produce the same tone as the combination of first and second.

#### Trick Fingering

There are numerous other styles of "trick fingering," but the above is chosen as it is the most common. Regardless of how perfect a cornet may be when the proper fingering is used, utterly discarding the fact that instrument makers could, in a few moments, cut the third slide so that it would fulfil this demand if it were proper, relying entirely upon "trick fingering," which is never resorted to save in rare instances by good musicians, they condemn and adjudge imperfect an instrument which, by the very fact that it would not respond perfectly to trick fingering, proves itself to be perfect, provided it is so when the proper fingering is used.

Many years ago, before the art of "equalizing the temperament" in cornet-making was thoroughly understood, it was possible to produce these notes by trick fingering, but in those days the cornet was not even considered a musical instrument, but a "discordant bundle of brass pipes," as one writer defined it. It could not even produce a perfect scale in one register, and yet we have today cornets upon which the entire register is perfect, and find they are often tested by the crude methods of long ago.

#### Just Imagine!

What a ridiculous aspect would be presented by a violinist testing his instrument by some trick bowing! What would be the opinion of a pianist who tested the qualities of his piano with the back of his hand? Yet these are no more absurd than

the testing of a cornet by any but the proper fingering.

#### The Third Valve

In all perfect cornets the tones of the third valve, when used singly, are slightly lower in pitch than those of the first and second when used in combination. The instruments are made this way purposely, not erroneously, and it is done to "equalize the temperament" and produce a perfect scale.

Of course, there are many musicians who can, by their control of the lip muscles, raise the pitch when the third valve is used, so that it produces almost the perfect tone. There are others who can play in tune upon an instrument which is really out of tune, and still others (although the circle is small) who can produce almost a perfect chromatic scale without the use of valves at all; but it is not to musicians of such phenomenal ability that this article is directed.

### "A SONG IS MUSIC AND WORDS"

*"The diction of singers requires far more attention than it gets. The very fact that the words of songs are printed on programs, and that they have to be followed so closely by many of the audience, appears to me a confession of failure on the part of the singer. The song is music and words. If the words cannot clearly be heard, the task has been only half accomplished. The diction should be so good as to make printed words superfluous. In the case of foreign languages and translations, there is an argument in favor of their intention; in the case of English songs sung by English singers there is no such argument, provided the singer can articulate properly."*—D. C. Parker.

Any instrument manufacturer, jeweller, or fine-metal worker can, in a few moments, cut the third slide of a cornet, or any other slide, so that it will respond to "trick fingering." This being admitted, it behoves our Bandsmen to test a cornet as they would test any other musical instrument, by the correct method of playing it, and not by a "trick" that may appear as a secret way of testing it.

The same remarks apply, of course, not only to the cornet, but to any other three-valve brass instrument.

### REACHING THE CROWDS

West Toronto Band Spreads the Glorious News at Dunnville

DUNNVILLE'S week-end invasion by the West Toronto Band, commenced and concluded at the Town Park Bandstand. Within a few minutes of the arrival of the visitors, on Saturday evening, in this snug little town, they were being accorded the heartiest of civic welcomes in which representatives of church life also participated.

The Arena, the scene of the Festival which followed, was soon echoing to the sound of latest Army compositions, and such was the effect wrought upon the management of the huge building that the rental fee was twice reduced during the rendering of the program—first by fifty per cent, and then again by a further twenty-five. Captain Cyril Smith, an old West Torontonians, and Lieutenant Crewe were delighted, of course.

Sunday morning brought weather which showed forth the beauties of the town in happiest fashion and the Band found a magnificent setting in which to function. Two Open-air meetings were held, the first in the capacious grounds of the Hospital, and the other on the corner lawn of a private residence, ere the Holiness meeting was conducted in the Grand Theatre, Commandant Laing opening the proceedings in vigorous fashion.

A journey of eighteen miles, to Cayuga, one of the Outposts of the Corps, prefaced the enjoyable Festival which the Band gave under the trees in the Town Hall Square. Back again in Dunnville, following only an hour's interval, two Open-air meetings were successfully negotiated and a Salvation meeting ensued in the Theatre.

Much could be written of the musical meeting with which the campaign closed. In the Park a splendid audience assembled, and about this gathering a large number of parties in motor-cars formed an arena. Just as Brigadier Hawkins raised his baton to open the event a brilliant flash of lightning and a tremendous crash of thunder sent the unprepared throng scattering for home and shelter. The items on the program thereafter were presented, to the accompaniment of atmospheric "effects," to the unseen audience in the cars, and the unstinted applause which greeted each number was offered per the medium of sonorous motor horns.

Certainly visitors and visited were mutually blessed, to judge by the many comments which were made, the ministry of Salvation music having been widespread.

### MUSICAL CHAIRS AT EARLSCOURT

There have been quite a number of changes in the Earls Court Band locals. Bandsman J. Robbins becomes the Deputy Bandmaster, Bandsman R. Wass is the new Band Sergeant, while Bandsman W. Stevens assumes the position of Band Secretary. All these comrades are Bandsmen of long standing and are enthusiastic for furtherance of the Band in every way.

The Band is most appreciative of the services of Adjutant Webber who, for several years, has held the position of Deputy Bandmaster, and of the yeoman efforts of former Band Secretary MacFarlane, who has been commissioned the new Young People's Sergeant-Major.—A.M.

## THE CORPS SONG BOOK IS HERE!

416 PAGES

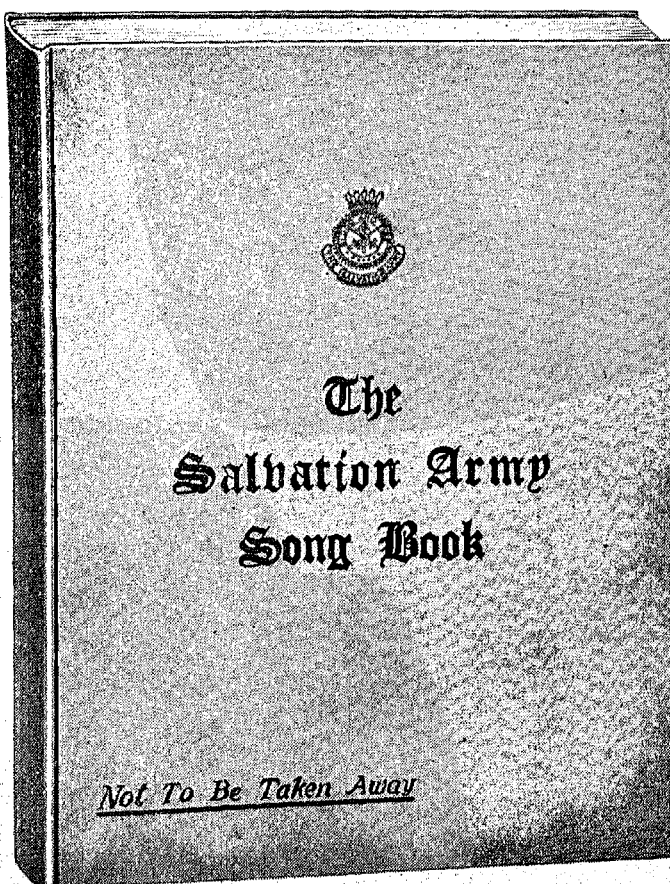
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## SONG PRAYERS

### O God of Light

"St. Catherine," "Mellita"

(No. 429 in New Song Book)

O God of Light! O God of love!  
Shine on our souls from Heaven  
above;

Let sin appear in Thy pure ray  
As black as on the Judgment Day.  
Let perfect love apply the test,  
And all that's wrong make manifest.

Oh, take Thy plummet and Thy line,  
Apply them to this heart of mine,  
And thus reveal each crooked place  
By contrast with true righteousness.  
Let holy truth condemn each sham;  
Show what Thou art, and what I am.

Oh, smite and spare not, faithful God,  
A Father's hand still holds the rod.  
Oh, make each sin-stained conscience  
smart,

So plainly, that my will shall bow  
In full surrender, here and now.

Work on in me Thy perfect will,  
In me Thy promise, Lord, fulfill;  
Oh, make me quick to fight for Thee,  
And set my soul at liberty.  
My soul can rest in nothing less  
Than in a spotless Holiness.

### A Holy Life

"Robin Adair," "Nearer to Thee"  
(No. 431 in New Song Book)

Give me a holy life,  
Spotless and free,  
Cleansed by the crimson flow  
Coming from Thee.  
Purge the dark halls of thought,  
Here let Thy work be wrought,  
Each wish and feeling brought  
Captive to Thee.

Cleanse, Thou refining Flame,  
All that is mine;  
Self only may remain  
If Thou refine.

Fix the intention sure,  
Make my desire secure,  
With love my heart keep pure,  
Rooted in Thee.

All my best works are naught,  
Please they not Thee;  
Far past my busy hands  
Thine eye doth see  
Into the depths of mind,  
Searching the plan designed;  
Gladdened when Thou dost find  
First of all—Thee.

Now is my will resigned,  
Struggles are quelled,  
Clay on the wheel am I,  
Nothing withheld.  
Master, I yield to Thee!  
Crumble, then fashion me,  
Flawless and fit to be  
Indwelt by Thee.

## NEWFOUNDLAND NEWS

### "I LOVE THE FIGHT"

ST. JOHN'S III (Ensign and Mrs. Haggett)—Seekers are being saved, and saints revived. Our Soldiers are full of fire. Sergeant-Major Pike, whom we congratulate, on his eighty-first birthday, is a live wire, and the Officers find in him a warrior who can always be depended on. This Soldier of many battles has spent forty-five years in The Army and is still heard to say in his glowing testimony, "I love the fight."

### FOUR SINNERS YIELD

HANT'S HARBOR (Captain and Mrs. Reader, Lieutenant Hillyard and Benson)—Staff-Captain Cornick and Ensign Brown were with us for a recent week-end. On Friday and Saturday lantern services were held at Hant's Harbor and New Chelsea, respectively. Sunday's meetings were productive of much good, and four seekers found Pardon.

### LIVED IN CHRIST

BAY ROBERTS (Captain Moulton)—Two well-known attendants at our meetings are missing—Mr. John Thompson, and Thomas Mercer, the latter being over eighty years of age. Both were splendid Christian men, having lived in Christ for many years. Though not Soldiers, both were very fond of The Army and often attended the meetings. They were quite ready for the Call, and had a triumphant passing.

# JEREMIAH and his DONKEY

## Another Breezy Article about Hallelujah Folk in Portuguese East Africa

ONE of the nearest Corps to Inhambane is Mahilane, some eight miles away; and, no vehicle being available, I decided to walk there. True, Staff-Captain Maqili made mysterious allusion to some alternate possibility, but I was quite unprepared for the arrival of a serious-looking Army Junior named Jeremiah, leading a still more serious-looking donkey.

This means of locomotion, I was told, found much favor in those parts; but when I measured the spare proportions of that small quadruped against my twelve stone and more, I had qualms.

That sort of thing, except for a matter of yards is not done either at Southend-on-Sea or Hampstead Heath; so I decided that Jeremiah himself should ride on the donkey—an arrangement more to my own advantage than I knew. For they had not gone a quarter of a mile before the girth snapped and down came Jeremiah, while later incidents were that, after lying with its rider in the road, the donkey edged sideways into a prickly bush.

The landscape bristled with tall and stately coco-nut trees, and sometimes we walked through groves of them. Another tropical feature was the profusion of small, lively creatures on the ground and in the air, lizards, beetles, butterflies, ants, birds, and a host of gauzy-winged

flutterers. But all experiences were subordinate to a growing distaste for the clammy, stifling, enervating temperature.

The Staff-Captain (wearing European Army clothes) ceased not to mop and fan his face, while signs of minor distress were exhibited by two comrades who had come with Jeremiah from Mahilane—Captain Zoza (in charge of several Corps, Societies, and Outposts in the district) and one of his Local Officers.

Their purpose in coming was to carry anything for me and be otherwise at the service of their visitors. They were unstinting in their unselfishness.

We met a good many persons afoot, and while from the majority we received salutations of friendliness, the considerable majority greeted us with demonstrative fraternity. The latter were Salvationists, and most of them came from neighboring Army stations, including Mhmachache Corps (having forty adult Soldiers), and Kongane and Mtcholo Outposts (numbering thirty Seniors between them).

These cheerful folk cried "Hallelujah!" as they waved their arms and well-nigh danced with pleasure. All of which was the more remarkable because at variance with the reserve and stoicism that come natural to the African native.

But the heat — the baking, broil-

By  
Arthur E.  
Copping



ing, scorching, roasting heat! My throat was dry before we had gone a mile. Our tea flasks were very soon empty. We tried to get some additional beverage on the way, but failed. There was nothing for it but to push on doggedly — until at last we came to Mahilane kraal.

The word village would be more appropriate to that assemblage of well-built huts erected in orderly sequence and fronting open spaces that carried communal kitchens, water supply, and storage huts, and were kept swept and tidy. But the main impression one received was of a hearty, smiling, unobtrusive welcome from, apparently, the entire community.

Mats were spread in the shade of a large tree for us to lie on, little squat carved stools being placed for those who preferred to be seated. A kettle was on the fire (cheerfully explained the Captain's wife) and some tea would soon be ready with which to refresh ourselves.

Meanwhile Jeremiah, unobserved by me, and acting on his own initiative, had enlisted five other Army Juniors under his leadership, and they had climbed Salvationist-owned coco-nut trees and despoiled them on behalf of the visitors. Nay, I had not lain three minutes on my mat before those half-dozen little philanthropists arrived with each a coco-nut on top of his own much smaller head.

For of course these nuts, instead of being like those which reach our stores in Canada, were still in their fibrous sheaths. Choosing a large nut and grasping a cleaver half as long as himself, Jeremiah in a moment laid bare the liquid interior. This he proceeded to pour into a tumbler which he handed to me. Jeremiah handed a second tumbler to me and of course I wanted the Staff-Captain to have it. But to this Jeremiah insisted (partly by signs and partly through the Staff-Captain as interpreter) that I must drink the entire contents of my nut.

Then, when I was satisfied, Jeremiah lay down and, with his head pillowed on the largest of the remaining nuts, immediately fell fast asleep.

Unselfish little Army Junior with the coal-black skin! I suddenly found he had not bothered about anything to drink for himself!

## "YOU ARE COUNTED OUT"

### Two Men Who Served Satan and Died As They Had Lived

HARRY BROWN had been to see the big fight. He arrived home in the middle of the night, and, being too excited to sleep, sat in the arm-chair with the spirit bottle and syphon of soda-water and cigarette box on the table at his elbow, and he drank and smoked himself insensible.

During breakfast on the Sunday morning, he was illustrating to the family various punches, and, jumping up, swung his arm around to illustrate the knock-out, when he slid down under the table with a groan. A fine piece of acting, they thought.

"Why, Harry, you ought to be an actor!" said his father. Then a few moments later: "Come on, Harry, finish your breakfast; you are counted out."

Harry never spoke or moved. His father bent over him, and—oh, horror!—"Bring the doctor, quickly!"

Harry was actually black in the face.

"Mr. Brown, I will give you a thousand pounds if you will revive him." But the doctor shook his head.

"He has evidently twisted his heart," he said. "He is dead—beyond all earthly aid."

Another doctor was called in hurriedly, and the same verdict given. Dead money cannot buy the breath of life.

The dead boy's father staggered from the dining-room into his office, and, when he did not appear for dinner, the housemaid sought him. He had had a fit. The doctor was called in, but he passed away before midnight, without speaking another word.

They had lived for pleasure and business and dissipation — and so death found them.—An Envoy.



## SERVANT OF GOD, WELL DONE!

### Veteran Envoy's Victorious Life and Death

The departure to Glory of Envoy Vanderheiden has left a post vacant in the Corps and the Division difficult to fill. He was the only Envoy in the London Division. Our comrade had a victorious passing. He had no fear; this had all been removed, for he had proven the power of God for over thirty years as a Salvationist in this country and in his native Holland. "All's well"; "I am trusting, only trusting"; "His promises are sure," were among his last sayings.

The funeral service was conducted by Adjutant Alderman. Major Best read and spoke from the Scriptures. Brother Brown, of No. II Corps referred to his being acquainted with the Envoy and to his splendid Christian character. Two daughters, Sister Mrs. Bell, of Detroit, and Sister Gertrude Vanderheiden, sang his favorite song, "Under His Wings." The Band rendered appropriate music and the Male octet sang feelingly. Bandsman John Vanderheiden, the

only son, spoke of the wonderful example of his father's life and service for God and The Army. Adjutant Alderman, who was with the Envoy during sickness and passing, made reference to his triumphant life and death. Hope, courage and confidence were written in his smile as he went Home.

The interment took place at Mount Pleasant Cemetery, in the presence of a great crowd.

An impressive memorial service was held on Sunday. Color-Sergeant Flanagan told of how our comrade had been a source of encouragement to him.

Sister Mrs. Vanderheiden wonderfully sustained, spoke feelingly of her life's partner, of the source of strength to her own life and character, he had been. He was a man of faith and prayer. Adjutant Alderman seized the occasion to press home the need of preparation for Eternity. May God comfort the widow and family.

## FOREIGNER AT MERCY-SEAT

### How a Language Problem Was Solved

In a South African Corps the Lieutenant had farewelled and the Soldiers were left in charge until the arrival of new Officers. One night a Sister Williams led the meeting without any help. Between thirty and forty men and lads were there.

As the prayer-meeting started one man—a seaman—came to the Mercy-seat. The Sister dealt with him, and he found Salvation. In the meanwhile another man came to the Mercy-seat—a foreigner. Problem: Who could tell him the way? The first convert could speak this man's language, so he acted as intermediary as the Sister set to work and prayed and pleaded with him. The foreigner found Christ, and a couple of years later he returned to record his faithfulness.



## A "HELPING HAND" BAND Temple Trojans Rally to Help Of Swansea Soldiers

THE "HELPING HAND" spirit was demonstrated in most pleasing fashion last Sunday night by the Toronto Temple Band, when Swansea, a small but thoroughly alive Corps in Toronto's West End, was visited.

Al fresco activities were featured prior to the Salvation meeting, two interest-stirring Open-air being held, succeeded by a march.

The indoor service was brightly conducted by Adjutant Larman, of the Temple. His excellent address provoked strong conviction in many hearts.

Another Open-air followed this service, the Salvation story being effectively presented to passers-by.

Beside the splendid numbers presented by the Band the renderings of the vocal octet were fraught with great blessing.

The Band's visit has given the comrades of Swansea decided encouragement in their work for the Master.

## PARK OPEN-AIR

EARLSCOURT (Ensign and Mrs. Warrander)—We sang with heart and voice the words:

"Spurning now the world's enticing,  
Love of ease and passing show,  
Heavenly grace our souls sufficing;  
We obey Thy word to go."

In the morning meeting and the Holy Spirit seemed to be mightily near. The dedication of the infant son of Bandsman and Mrs. A. Macfarlane was conducted by Lieut.-Colonel Saunders. Mrs. Saunders' address brought food for thought.

Songster-Leader Boys has taken charge of the vocal efforts of the Band and their singing is looked forward to in the Holiness meeting, as well as the Open-air.

Space would not permit us to describe the afternoon activities, when as a tribute to our farewelling Officers, all branches of the Corps marched from the Citadel to the Earls court Park where all took part in the first service for the season, under the guidance of Lieut.-Colonel Saunders.

The Salvation meeting was fraught with blessing and conviction. We had the privilege of listening to two of our own Cadets, I. Wright and L. Moulton, who gave pointed talks. Ensign Walton, on the way back to Africa, also gave a short talk.

In the prayer-meeting two knelt at the Cross.—A.M.

## CHILDREN FIND JESUS

CORNWALL (Commandant and Mrs. Wells) — Lieut.-Colonel Burrows spent the week-end with us. On Saturday night we had a large crowd listening to the message of Salvation in the Open-air. On Sunday, in spite of the very warm weather we had good attendances.

The Company meeting was visited in the afternoon. On Sunday night Mrs. Burrows spoke very convincingly. There were eight children at the Cross.—E. Holden.

# O'Reilly sez, sez he—

"An iligint ockeypayshun is this bizniss av makin'  
compaarrisuns, intoirly"

AND SO SAY ALL OF US!

"COME t' think av it," said my friend O'Reilly, the other night, when he was in an unusually philosophic mood, "th' invidgeousniss av makin' compaarrisuns is not so ojus as some folks wud have yiz bleeve, if I ses it mesilf, as shudn't orter, maybe. Me frind, Murphy, as is be way av bein' a dintist, refoosed gas t' a payshint th' other day becos, is he sed, yiz cud niver till if the guy wiz consus or only awake, seein' as th' bist he cud do was somnolient. Yiz cud nayther be invidgeous nor ojus in makin' anny compaarrisuns with th' likes o' that feller. Still it's an iligint ockeypayshun is this bizniss av makin' compaarrisuns, intoirly."

Murphy's patient and O'Reilly's philosophy notwithstanding we feel obliged to venture upon a few remarks, comparative in character, upon a topic of considerable interest. We opened the subject last week, when we enlisted the assistance of "The Grand Old Duke of—" We refer to our efforts to match "The War Cry" circulation in one town with that of another, similarly situated, and particularly our surprise at the downward trend in one place as against the upward climb in another. Of course we refrained from giving names.

## Tender Heart is Torn

Yet was that precisely profitable? At any rate, was that withholding of information likely to assist in localizing the parties referred to calculated to impress the participants in the comparison in a helpful manner? Maybe not. We have been encouraged to come out into the full sunlight with all the facts, but a tender heart is our undoing, we fear.

Ambition, true to type, characterizes a Hamilton Corps, for instance. [Ah, that's an advance, when we name a city, eh?] and the circulation of "The War Cry" leaps forward to a modest extent. But that good deed is entirely nullified, six times, in point of fact, by the action of a Queen City Corps, well north of Bloor Street; such a slump!

## Our Sunshine Section

Judge our joy on receiving an order from a Newfoundland Corps for twenty copies more; this in face of serious economic depression. Sunny smiles beamed forth to such good purpose that the fifth floor at the Territorial Headquarters became equal to a most powerful health resort. We felt that we needed no ultra violet or infra red or any other kind of rays, however, produced. We were like the people who sing, "I carry my sunshine with me everywhere I go."

Then judge our unutterable disappointment, our sense of loss and the danger of robbery of the joy of living, upon the arrival of a brief demand from a Corps in a city bearing a dis-

tingushed name like unto that of a famous Newfoundland centre. Such a demand! With what reluctance 'twas executed! A drop—would you believe it?—equal to that rise and fifty per cent. more! Alack and alas that it should be so, and our joy be cut ere it had fully grown.

Ah! but life is not all sorrow and the invidious distinction of declension is not all of which there is to tell, for we have the noble example of six Corps, for instance, rising, rising—six times rising. Now, O'Reilly, what of it?

## "Working the Oracle"

One of the drill stunts introduced during the war was that in which the non-com. "working the oracle" tested the mental agility of the squad by all manner of drill orders which were to be ignored unless prefaced by—"O'Reilly says—." Well, what does O'Reilly say of this business of "War Cry" circulation, and particularly of those Corps which ask for reduced quantities? If only he would not say such a word as "reduce"; but, banishing it from his vocabulary, stand by the good word "increase."

Far better would it be if the Officers concerned caught something of the spirit which the Corps Commander had who, in asking for the collection urged his people to "give till it hurts." One listener, whose nationality need not be mentioned, said that "the very thought if it hur-r-rt!" If only we could encourage the idea that the bare thought of dropping "The War Cry" order is painful!

## We Must Advance

However it is done we must advance the circulation if we are to maintain and improve the standard of production. To that end we call upon our comrades everywhere to introduce "The War Cry" to friends and neighbors. Do not wait, we beg, until you feel you can distribute ten copies, even; begin with one, if not with more, for if many join in so simple an effort much may be accomplished.

Seize the opportunity forthwith; don't delay an hour; and win the gratification that inevitably attends upon doing a worthy thing. Do it as unto Him to Whose glory "The War Cry" is dedicated, and He will not fail to add His blessing.

—THE EDITOR.

## FOUR FIND GOD

BIRCH CLIFF (Captain Roberts, Lieutenant Monroe)—Recently we experienced joyful times. At the close of the day four sought the Lord and found Him.

Sunday's meetings were led by Captain Harry Robinson, from Maryland, U.S.A. His addresses contributed much to the success of the day's meetings.—R.G.H.

## BLESSINGS FROM FINLAND

Comrades Help to Brighten Meetings With Music and Song

TORONTO I (Ensign and Mrs. Gage)—The Cadets who have been associated with the Toronto I Corps during their term of training have proved to be a great means of blessing to the people of this district. On Sunday the last brigade farewelled. Each Cadet took a prominent part during the day. Captain Gennery delivered a very forceful Bible address in the Holiness meeting.

Staff-Captain Keith was in charge of the Salvation meeting; we were also pleased to have the Field Secretary, Colonel McAmmond, with us in this gathering. The chorus singing of the Cadets, as well as their brief talks, were channels of blessing to all. The Bible discourse, given by Staff-Captain Keith, imparted blessing and inspiration. One man sought and obtained forgiveness of sins.

An enrollment of Soldiers, conducted by Ensign Gage, was also a feature of the evening service. One of those enrolled, is a Finnish comrade, who has heard the call of God, and intends to devote her life as an Officer. Our comrades from Finland have been a great blessing in the meetings with their singing and guitar playing. On a recent Saturday night they appeared in their native costume, and sang a number of Army songs in their own language.

## BAND WEEK-END

MAISONNEUVE (Captain and Mrs. Lorimer) — The meetings this week-end at Maisonneuve were conducted by the Band. A splendid Open-air service was held on Saturday night, after which several people thanked the comrades for their messages in French and English. It was noted that some people stood up and listened during the whole service, which lasted over an hour.

The Holiness meeting was a time of much blessing. It was surprising the number of testimonies that were given in such short time. Band Sergeant Isherwood gave the address.

In the evening, Bandswoman Mrs. Cairns soloed, followed by Deputy-Bandmaster Breckenridge's address. One seeker responded.

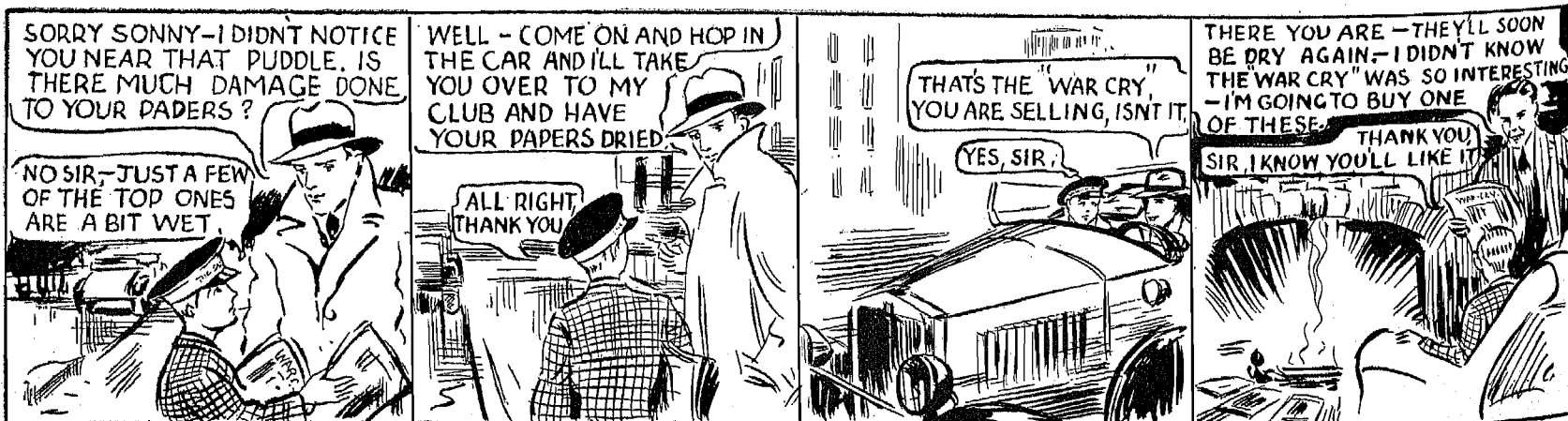
## Coming Events

COLONEL DALZIEL  
(The Chief Secretary)  
Windsor, Mon June 29  
West Toronto, Sun July 5

Colonel McAmmond: Lisgar Street, Mon June 29  
Colonel Morehen: Parliament Street, Sat Mon July 6  
Lieut.-Colonel Sims: New Toronto, Tues June 23  
Brigadier Macdonald: Waterloo, Sat Sun June 28  
Major Hollande: New Toronto, Thurs June 25  
Major Spooner: Rowntree, Tues June 23  
Major Wright: New Toronto, Fri June 26  
Staff-Captain Ellery: St. John IV, Sun June 28  
Staff-Captain Riches: St. John II Tues June 23; St. John IV, Fri 26; St. John II, Sun 28  
Staff-Captain Snowden: New Toronto, Wed June 24  
Field-Major Hiscock: New Toronto, Sat Sun June 28

## TED. A. PEPPER—FINDS THE "SILVER LINING"

## Eighteenth Episode



# WHY THEY CAME TO DAVISVILLE

## YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN OF FAITH TALK TO "THE WAR CRY"

ON MONDAY night June 22nd, the Cadets of the Faith Training Session will receive their commissions from the hand of the Territorial Leader, and a few days later will proceed to their appointments. The Commissioning marks the consummation of Training Garrison days—though not of training days! No doubt it will cause the minds of not a few of the Cadets to revert to their Call, the place where they received it, the definite manner in which it came to them, the mental struggles that surrounded the event.

It was for the purpose of discovering in what manner the voice of God, commanding Officership, spoke to a few representative Cadets that "The War Cry" visited the Garrison the other evening. And this is what he heard:

### Changed Aspirations

A few years ago Cadet Phoebe Bolton, who hails from Clinton, Ont., had aspirations for other than Officership in The Salvation Army. She was completing her term in the Collegiate Institute, and was keenly anticipating entering Normal, with a view to becoming a school teacher.

Cadet Bolton had been converted when eight years of age, but High School life had drawn her away from The Army, until she was virtually a backslider.

One morning, in a Holiness meeting which she chanced to attend, she suddenly realized her spiritual position, and a strange idea that she should become an Army Officer swept over her. It was definite, acting upon her mind as though a voice had actually spoken. But she would not surrender.

In 1927 she finished school, and

came face to face with the matter of decision anent her life's vocation. "On July 24th," she says, "I settled, once and for all, that I would obey God's Call and become an Army Officer."

All was not plain sailing though. For two years her plans were frustrated by unavoidable home circumstances, but now, looking back over those days of disappointment, she realizes that it was a disciplining frustration, giving her a gracious period for the establishment of faith and purpose.

### German Chemist's Call

Three years ago if you had told Fritz Sinofzik, chemist in the world-famed Krupp plant at Essen, Germany, that the day would come when he would be a Cadet in a Canadian Training Garrison, he would have laughed at you!

But the thing has happened, and this studious Teuton, of massive build and forward outlook, has been brushing up his doctrinal and Biblical knowledge, and adding to his English vocabulary for the past nine months at Davisville.

He has a splendid Salvation Army background. Both parents are loyal Soldiers in the Fatherland, his father being Treasurer at Gelsenkirchen, a suburb of Essen, and his sister is an Army Captain.

A strong attack of wanderlust gripped Sinofzik several years ago, and he set his course for Canada. Kitchener, centre of a thriving and populous German community, became his new home town, and in the local Corps, for two years, he served faithfully as a Soldier.

The Call to Officership came dis-

tinctly in a Young People's Council, in Hamilton, "You must do more for God!" This rang in his ears as an imperative which he could not evade. The result was that he followed the pathway of obedience, and consecrated himself for the Work.

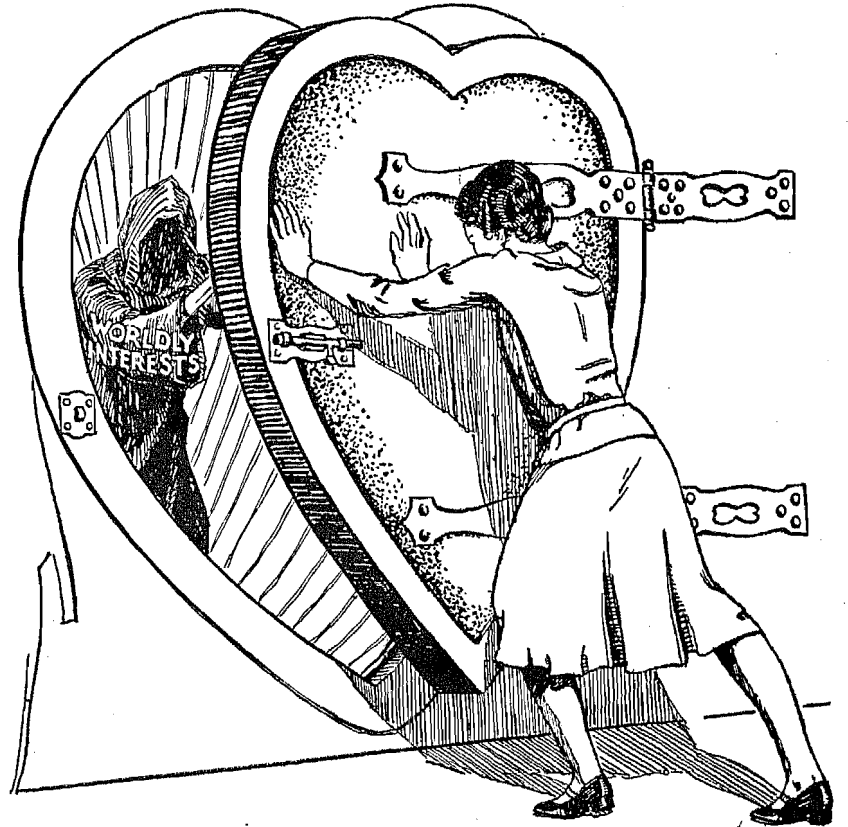
Whilst in the Garrison Cadet Sinofzik has been able to put his knowledge of German and Polish to good use, acting as interpreter on one

The Cadet has a brother-Officer, Ensign Knaap, on the Canada East Field.

### The Discipline of Change

There is a sturdy discipline in change; perhaps that fact accounts somewhat for the robust reliance, and enthusiastic Salvationism which Cadet Stanley Whale (out of Maisonneuve, Montreal) manifests. His life

## Close Your Heart's Door to Worldly Interests



## And Follow The Call of The Cross

Verbal and Pictorial Snapshots of Territorial Departmental Heads

## At The Full Salute!

MAJOR RUFUS SPOONER, A YOUNG PEOPLE'S CHAMPION

YOUNG PEOPLE of Canada East have a right doughty champion in Major Rufus Spooner. For fifteen out of his nineteen years of Officership he has rubbed shoulders with Army youth, first as Scout Or-

a first-hand knowledge of what it means for a young fellow to take his stand as a Christian. He was converted when he was ten, in an Old Country Mission. One day, four years later, when returning from the football field with some cronies, he dropped into an Army meeting, sitting in the back row. His wasn't the seat of the scornful, though, for when the Officer called for testimonies young Rufus jumped to his feet at once!

Canadian young folk should give a hearty vote of thanks to that English Corps Officer. He was a wide-awake chap, and tackled the youthful stranger before he left the Hall, extracting a promise that he would return. Within a few months Rufus Spooner was one of Wanstead's most zealous Soldiers. A week after they gave him his instrument he was on the street with the gallant Band, playing "Ellacombe!"

Westward Ho was the slogan at that time, and the day came when Bandsman Rufus sailed Canada-ward. Army associations were resumed at the Brandon Corps, and later at Moose Jaw, where incidentally, he pioneered one of the very first Scout Troops in Canada. It was just shortly after Baden-Powell had given the world his epoch-making idea.

When the call to Officership came it found the young Salvationist at the full salute—and he's been at the full salute ever since, ready to heed every command of his Divine Master.

Major Spooner has unbounded faith in The Army's young folk. "They hold up the best traditions of The Army," he declares. "They are just as willing to spend and be spent as were the pioneers."

(Continued on page 16)

occasion a few weeks ago, for a Pole, who came to the Mercy-seat at Toronto I. He was able to deal with the man in his own language and point him to the Saviour.

### A Call to Trust

When the signpost of Duty pointed toward the Training Garrison for Cadet Marjory Knaap, who comes from the Toronto Temple, she prepared to make response, after fully counting the cost. And then the hand of tragedy intervened and Death came into her Army home, taking the beloved father.

At once her vision of Training was cast aside. She could not leave her mother alone—and yet the Voice of God persisted to call her, bidding her trust and not be afraid.

For many weeks Cadet Marjory went through a tremendous struggle. Very few knew that beneath her habitually smiling exterior a bitter soul-battle was being waged. Added to the mental strain there was the physical burden of making ends meet in the bereaved home. For a time the youthful daughter managed two positions a day.

The time came, however, when she could withhold no longer. Her mother, like the true Salvationist she is, bade her go, if she felt the Call, trusting that the Heavenly Father would cause all things to work together for good.

And in His own wonderful way God has kept His promise. Simple faith has been rewarded, and, to use the Cadet's own words, "Mother has wanted nothing since!"

has been highly eventful, to say the least.

When he was twelve years of age, his mother received word that her husband, a British Army Captain, had been killed in action in France. The shock proved too much for the nerve-strained wife, and she died, leaving the little family of boys and girls to the cold mercies of the world.

They were scattered about from place to place, some remaining in England, one sister going to India, and Stanley taking his place in a party of immigrants for Canada.

The people under whose auspices he came to the New World placed him on the farm of a French-Canadian habitant, in Quebec. He could not speak a word of French; his "boss" could speak but a smattering of English. The lad was terribly homesick, but was forced to work from early morning till late evening. On Sundays he was taken to the Church, where he was trained to play the role of altar boy.

For six years he lived in this way, but finally life became so unbearable that he ran away. At Quebec City he found a friendly shelter at The Salvation Army Hostel. By dint of hard work he earned enough money to take him to Montreal, and there he sought The Army again. Once more he found the same friendliness. Ensign Worthylake took a keen interest in him, with the result that he was converted, and became an out-and-out Salvationist. His fluent mas-

(Continued on page 16)



Major Rufus Spooner

ganizer—he initiated the Life-Saving movement in Canada, under Commissioner Richards—then in the positions of Divisional Young People's Secretary, Assistant Territorial Young People's Secretary, and for the past year or so as Territorial Young People's Secretary.

He's got the distinct advantage of

## WE MISS YOU!

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty.

One dollar, should, where possible, be sent with enquiry, to help defray expenses.

Address Lt.-Colonel Sims, Men's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, in the case of men, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

In the case of women, please notify Colonel DesBrisay, Women's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2.

**PHILLIPS, Michael** — Age 37; height 5 ft. 9 ins.; brown hair; blue eyes; pale complexion; native of Galway; carpenter by trade. May have changed his name to O'Neill. 18496

**WALKER, William** — Age 18; height 5 ft. 6 ins.; light brown eyes; fair hair and complexion. Came to Canada under the Newcastle Emigration Scheme in July, 1928. May have assumed the name of William Logan. Last address was General Delivery, Springhill P.O., Nova Scotia. 18488

**JOHNSON, Isidor Martin** — Came to Canada from Sweden in 1923. Age 36; height about 6 ins.; blue eyes; light hair; slender. Last known address, St. Joseph, Quebec. Sister, Miss Alfhild Johnson, 5 Water Street, New York City, is anxious to communicate. 18500

**POTVIN, Mrs. Mary** — Ottawa, Ontario; possibly in Toronto; auburn hair; brown eyes; height about 5 ft. 8 ins. Son, Henry, enquires. 18502

**WIKMAN, Simri Kalervo** — Born in Finland; single; light complexion; blue eyes; tall; was employed in the lumber camps around Halliburton and Sudbury. Father ill, very anxious for news. 18462

**LALONDE, Joseph** — Age 26 years; height about 5 ft. 10 ins.; weight about 155 lbs. Well built; dark complexion. Was at Hamilton, but intended to leave there February 10th to go to Niagara Falls, and then to the U.S.A. Mother anxious for news. 18505

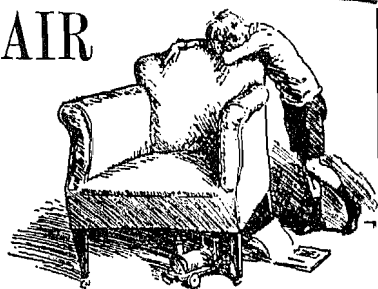
**LINES, Alfred John** — Reported to be a Bandsman at one of the Ontario Corps. Information wanted by sister. 18474

**WALKER, James** — Age 35; height 5 ft. 6 ins.; blue eyes; complexion fair; scar across chin. Birthplace, Edinburgh; occupation, gardener and butler. Left home in June, 1927. Wife enquiring. 18479

**WINTER, George** — Born 1893. Between 5 ft. 8 ins., or 5 ft. 10 ins.; fair hair; bluish grey eyes; fresh complexion; laborer by occupation. Came to Toronto in March, 1924, and was last heard of in March, 1929, when he was at Lumber (Continued at foot of column 4)

## THE TRAGEDY OF THE EMPTY CHAIR

Dirty, Ragged, Desolate, the Orphan Roamed the Country Lanes, Until —



"O H, WHY did Daddy leave us? Why doesn't he come home again, and have some fun with me the same as he used to do? Mummy's so sad these days, and the house is never the same. She says she's too tired and too sick to play and romp with me. I wish Daddy hadn't gone!"

And then, poor little chap, Mummy went, too. Much too tired and sick and dispirited to bear up against her own sadness of heart, even though she did make a fight for her own little chap, she followed the father, and the plight of the boy was worse, much worse than before.

The only one to whom he could go was a relative who did not care whether he came or whether he went — she would have preferred the latter, for she was never one to be bothered with children. So little did she bother, that before long the neighbors cried out upon her, and that making no difference, they began to bestir themselves further about the lad. Pitiful, little creature he was — utterly different from the happy little youngster who, but a year before, had been surrounded with all that love and adoration could give him.

### Wept His Heart Out

Dirty, untidy, ragged, desolate, he roamed about the country lanes — ever anxious to keep out of the way of his neglectful relative, and, who, really, had very little obligation towards him. Oftentimes he would get away by himself and hide under a straw stack and weep his heart out, as the saying is, for the thoughts which the months of hunger and neglect had not yet dimmed. "Oh, why

did Daddy go? And why did Mummy go?"

Then, one day, one of the neighbors met a Salvation Army man who was visiting in the neighborhood, and although the youngster was none of his business as an individual, he was very much one as a Salvationist, and he sought out the laddie, and sat down by the straw stack beside him, and comforted him in a way nobody had tried to do since his Daddy had left him.

The next thing that The Salvation Army man did was to seek out the relative and tell her that The Army would be glad enough to help out in the care of the boy; a proposition to which she gladly consented. And, after all, there was something to be said for her side of the matter.

### "He Was Worth It"

Of course, no one could adequately supply the place of the parents who had gone, but immediately the boy arrived in the care of the women of The Army Home, they did for him what nobody else had done for him since his mother died — gave him a bath. Telling the story they said: "It was necessary for us to undress the poor little fellow on sheets of brown paper, and, as quickly as possible, to burn the sheets, and the verminous, tattered garments which we removed from his sore-covered body."

"But," they said, "he was worth it all, bless his heart! He's the liveliest, jolliest, most generous child we've got in the Home. He's worth every moment of care we've given him, and, God sparing him, there's a fine man for Canada in him one of these days!"

We quite understand, of course, that we are not the only people on earth who are actuated by similarly kind motives with ourselves, and who have proved themselves "Mothers in Israel" to hundreds of forlorn, neglected orphans. God bless them all! But it is a fact that, scattered over these Western lands, there are hundreds of boys and girls who owe their chance in life to the care which The Army bestowed on them when nobody else seemed to trouble — or was within reach — and we are doing it out of our comparative poverty! The great Father-God has made The Army both father and mother to thousands of children. What would you say about standing in the relationship, say, of god-parent to some such? — J.

(Continued from column 1)

**Camp No. 4, Pakesley, Ont.** 18484  
**KIMBER, Fanny** — Domestic servant. Born at Brighton, England, about 1860. Sister, Harriett, enquires.  
**MCKECHINE, Samuel Stewart** — Dark hair; dark complexion; height 5 ft.; broad shoulders. Last heard from 26 years ago. Sister enquires. 18410  
**URSITO, John** — Age 36; height 5 ft. 4 ins.; black hair; dark eyes; shallow complexion. Birthplace, Dundee, Scotland. Occupation, machine man and general laborer. 18491  
**BULKELEY, David** — Age about 65; Welsh; fair hair; blue eyes; fair complexion. Worked in lumber camps and C.P.R. Spent about seven years in Cardiff, Wales, also worked few months on Liverpool Street Tramways. Thought to be in United States or Canada. Sister anxiously enquires. 18487

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(JULY 1ST)

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Wording as follows:

Jesus said, "Believe also in Me."

Jesus said, "I am the Truth."

"I will never leave thee or forsake thee."

"Create in me a clean heart, O God."

"My grace is sufficient for thee."

"He knoweth the way that I take."

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# The World as We See It

A Survey of Current Thought and Events;  
Glimpses of Peoples and Places

## LONDON'S CHANGING SKYLINE TIMEPIECES—ANCIENT and MODERN

Famous Thames Embankment Undergoes Marvellous Transformation With Erection of Graceful Edifices

From the "Star-Clock" of the Heavens to the Accurate Electrical Time-Piece of To-day is a Far Cry

THE sky-line of London—the Empire's metropolis—is slowly changing. Especially is this evident on the Thames embankment. Dilapidated houses, ugly wharves, and antiquated warehouses are gradually succumbing to wrecker's "sledge," and the insatiable steam-shovel. Beautiful new edifices are being raised which more fittingly grace the banks of this famous river.

One great building which has been put up is the Imperial Chemicals House. In the construction of this numerous difficulties had to be overcome, that of the foundations being the greatest, owing to the marshy character of the ground.

Peter the Great built St. Petersburg on piles of wood (states "My Magazine"). In the case of the Imperial Chemicals House, the piles are steel-framed cases filled with cement. They are fourteen feet square, some are forty feet long, the average perhaps thirty feet, and thirteen hundred piles were driven in. They had to be firm, for each pile was expected to sustain a weight of fifty tons.

The building was needed for occupation in two years, and with such expedition did the contractors work that five months before the time was up five floors of the main building were occupied. Ninety firms were engaged on the site and the architects issued no fewer than 58,000 drawings for their guidance.

The House is an imposing building in the English Renaissance style, faced with Aberdeen granite and Portland stone, pierced with finely-spaced windows keyed to accord with its four entrance portals. It is crowned by a white stone roof.

Another mammoth edifice is the Thames House, adjoining the former, and now nearing completion. It is a building of two blocks, each of eleven floors, with a street masked by the massive portal bridge between them.

Thames House rises 206 feet; its corridors are three miles in length, the area of its floors amounting to 770,000 square feet. It has eighteen elevators, ten entrances, and eight staircases. The length of the piles on which this enormous mass rests is thirty-four miles.

The laying of the foundation piles constituted an enormous task. When the site of the Thames House was cleared of the huddle of old buildings it was found that beneath brick rubbish six to twelve feet deep were layers of Thames mud, peat and treacherous greensand, a thin layer of Thames ballast resting on the London blue clay thirty feet beneath.

A face of steel was sunk round the area to be excavated, and then an inner face of steel seventeen feet distant. The trench between these two faces was then excavated and filled with concrete, so that the whole

main area on which the foundations of Thames House were to be sunk was first enclosed in a steel and concrete wall. The inner area which the wall enclosed, when its 150,000 tons had been removed at the rate of 1,000 tons a day, was covered with a thick bed of water-proofed concrete, so that Thames House may be said to have arisen from a huge tank of steel and concrete.

When this was all made ready, the steel frame went up, pipes and conduits moving with the steel work, the concrete flooring and the tiling coming close on the heels of both, and all these operations being carefully

THE evolution of time-pieces, or of methods of telling the time, is an interesting study. In this speedy age, when accuracy is demanded it would fare ill with many if they were obliged to decide what o'clock it was by calculating the position of the sun, or of the moon and stars by night. The sun-dial, although an improvement on the "clock of the heavens" was useless when the sun did not shine. The mechanical clock was a distinct advantage, but early clockmakers were better artists than mechanics and even their time-pieces, although artistically designed and executed, would not satisfy the punc-

chastity of design is the vogue to-day, rather than the ornate style of yesterday. Further than that, clocks are now designed to harmonize with the decorative style of the particular rooms they adorn. The chief merit, however, with the modern time-piece is its accuracy. The "last word" in this regard is an electrically operated clock, which, controlled by a power company, maintains accuracy to a split second.

Forty million words were spoken by members of the American Congress last year. To reduce them to cold cash, they cost \$758,500.



Winter at Biskra, North Africa, would appear to be a of the palms and the brilliant sunshine in which this Arab misnomer, if one may judge from the fronded beauty camel train is basking

charted on diagrams so as to accelerate progress and never interfere with one another. No wasteful haste, no expensive delay, was the ideal. The co-operation planned in the beginning is carried out to the end, till the last tile has been laid, the last electric light turned on, the last heating panel put into position.

And so old London is speedily becoming "new London."

tual man of to-day. They sometimes spent years in decorating the cases of their clocks and watches, while the mechanism was most inferior.

It comes as a surprise to find that the alarm clock appeared more than three centuries ago. A beautiful time-piece made in Germany about 1600 indicated the time on a great horizontal face, while the movement of the hand served to strike an alarm. The owners of this remarkable clock must have overslept frequently, for the mechanism was far from reliable.

Beautiful clocks were made for a surprising variety of purposes even in the early days of the timekeeper's art. There were elaborate clocks for the table or mantelpieces; designs for the coach or carriage; others to be suspended from the ceiling. Most of the clocks were of the standing sort, with exceedingly elaborate cases.

Long before the appearance of the familiar grandfather's clock of the last century, the homes of the rich boasted of beautiful timepieces often several feet in height, which were conspicuous pieces of furniture. They were usually made of metals and in florid designs. The work was, of course, all done by hand, the hand-wrought faces represented an immense amount of labor.

The tastes of generations differ.

### HERE AND THERE

Radium experts from London lately traced by aid of magnets a radium needle containing several thousand pounds' worth of precious metal which mysteriously disappeared from the operating theatre of Cardiff Infirmary. When the loss was discovered the hospital staff searched for the needle but were unsuccessful, and experts were then summoned from London. After six hours' search they found the needle was among dressings which had been removed from the operating theatre.

More boys have been born in the last ten years in England and Wales than in any previous ten years. There is always a slight preponderance of boys, but births statistics for 1919-20 show an unparalleled increase. The total number of boys born between 1919 and 1929 was 4,478,076, which is nearly 750,000 more than the number of girls born.

Although the curfew bell was abolished in the seventeenth century, there are still a few towns in England which retain the old custom. These are Ripon, in Yorkshire; Sandbach, Cheshire; Chesham, in Buckinghamshire, and Workingham.

### ROB ROY'S TOTTERING HOMESTEAD

LOVERS of "Rob Roy," that stirring character which Sir Walter Scott gave to the world in his book of that title, will be interested in a description of Rob Roy's old homestead.

In Glen Dochart, Scotland, on a high knoll overlooking the road stand the remains. Only two gable-ends of it are left, one in a tottering condition, propped up with beams of wood. The floor space is overgrown with nettles. To-day there is no sign of human life, save the occasional car or charabanc, passing. In the valley on the left a brawling burn tumbles down from the hills which separate this glen from the braes of Balquhiddier. Rising from the other side of the burn are the steep green slopes of Ben More, one of the highest mountains in Perthshire. In front, the Dochart, issuing from Loch Tubhair, flows on to its ultimate destiny—Loch Tay. Bounding the view is the long, unbroken range of mountains which divide Glen Doshart from Glens Lochay and Lyon.

Until a few years ago, there was nothing to distinguish this house from any other discarded dwelling. The passing traveller noticed an old house on a height. Now, thanks to the placard—which can be seen from the road—there is a well-defined track through the grass, trodden by the feet of many visitors, eager to see the ruins of the house which was once the home of the famous outlaw—the "bold Rob Roy."

Sinner, thou are speeding  
Down to death un-  
heeding,

# The WAR CRY

OFFICIAL ORGAN of The SALVATION ARMY  
in Canada East & Newfoundland

Hear the Saviour plead-  
ing,  
Haste, oh, haste, away.

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TORONTO 2, JUNE 27, 1931

JAMES HAY, Commissioner

## TERRITORIAL PARS

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Bladin, and their daughter, Dorothy, arrived in Toronto on Saturday last. We are happy to report that the Colonel is making gratifying recovery from the effects of his recent illness.

Muriel, daughter of the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Dalziel, who recently underwent an operation, is, we are happy to say, making splendid progress towards recovery, and has been allowed to return home. Both the Colonel and Mrs. Dalziel deeply appreciate the interest shown by many comrades during her illness.

Adjutant and Mrs. Littler, of Pao Ting Fu, North China, have recently been anxious about their daughter, Doris, who was taken very ill with meningitis. Ensign Patterson, of Peking, was rushed to Pao Ting Fu with serum, and the work of the doctors, under the blessing of God, has happily resulted in the restoration of the little patient. Mrs. Littler, who hails from Montreal I, is well-known to Canadian Salvationists, who will be grateful to learn of the little girl's recovery.

## AT THE FULL SALUTE

(Continued from page 13)

He places high value upon Corps Cadetship. "There is nothing like it for the development of spiritual life and Salvationism."

"One thing I feel very keenly about," the Major confided to "The War Cry," "is the lack of responsible leaders to take up the work in the various Corps amongst the 'teen-age young folk. We need more intelligent, spiritually-minded men and women who understand the adolescent youth, to arrange and lead interesting Bible Classes."

When we mentioned the Primary Department the Major waxed eloquent. There's a most gratifying increase in this work in all parts of the Territory, and he credits this very largely to the salutary influence of "The A.B.C. Guide to Primary Work," issued by the Commissioner some time ago.

"The Company meeting," this enthusiast declares, "is really the key to all successful Young People's work"—and here he came back again to the problem of the 'teen-aged, "when the brisk minor pants for twenty-one"—"but we must learn to keep our adolescents."

The Major has found a real companion-enthusiast in Mrs. Spooner, for she, too, is a valiant contender for youth. And no wonder, for she has two virile young folk right in the home circle—General's Scout Stanley and Guard Margaret, both of Earls-court Corps. They are staunchly following in the worthy footsteps of their Officer-parents.—C.W.

## Where the Fresh Breezes Blow

At the end of this present month the first party of needy children will arrive at The Salvation Army Fresh-Air Camp at Jackson's Point, on the shores of breezy Lake Simcoe.

Hundreds of children are victims of narrow, house-bound horizons. They see many of their more fortunate school-chums going off with merry shouts to spend a holiday with their parents in delightful country places, or at a lake-side, where cooling breezes blow.

Fortunately there are tender hearts who have learnt how to bring one annual joy-period into the lives

## "GIVE THEM A CHANCE"

Is the Plea of The Army's Police Court Officer for Those Who Have Made Their First Misstep



The Army's timely intervention.

BILL, with the missing leg, presented a problem to the Courts. Shall we send him to jail, or give him a chance? was the question. He was not a bad fellow; had just got into trouble, and was without a friend in the world.

He stood there, a lonely figure; supporting himself on a stick as best he could.

In the midst of the uncertainty, a voice was heard pleading for him. The judge smiled as he looked up. It was just the thing one would expect of The Salvation Army.

"If you let me have him, your worship," said Staff-Captain Bunton, "I'll have things squared up, and help him to get work."

There were pessimists a-plenty in the room. "Let the chap go to jail," they said. "Nothing can be done with him."

The judge, however, agreed to the Staff-Captain's suggestion, and Bill was handed over to The Army.

That very morning the Staff-Captain took up a collection for him amongst the lawyers and court officials. With the money he presented Bill with a stock of materials, and he started forth to earn his own living. The Army keeping a strict supervision of his movements.

All that occurred many months ago. To-day Bill has a cork leg—first purchase of his earnings, and he is as happy as a lark in the honest pursuit of his humble vocation.

He never tires of telling of how The Army gave him a chance when everything looked so mighty black!

There are few evils more insidious than gambling, and few monarchs more exacting than the Queen of Chance. Tom White—we call him by a fictitious name, for obvious purpose—has good reason to know this, for he was a most servile subject of that nefarious autocrat for many months, and she led him a hopeless chase.

He was employed by a big establishment in Toronto at the time. Poker games, "playing the ponies," and other forms of betting, made a big dent in his bank-roll.

Very soon he was forced to look around for the wherewithal to meet fast-piling debts, and one day planned the desperate measure of robbing his own firm. He made a careful study of the safe combination for some time before the event, and having mastered the intricate series of turns, went to the office late one Saturday night, let himself in with his own key, and withdrew a cool thousand from the vault. Several

days after, he was in the police court—and not a gambling friend rushed to his rescue!

But he did find one friend in the person of Staff-Captain Bunton! The Staff-Captain agreed to help him on condition that he was thoroughly repentant, and fully satisfied to make complete restitution.

The man agreed, and he was remanded to The Salvation Army. In due course he paid back every cent of the money he had taken from his firm. And in the meantime, so keenly were his soul's needs presented to him by The Army's ministrations, he became a Christian. The Army sent him back to his home city, some miles from Toronto, secured a position for him, and to-day he is a highly-respected member of the community, and an ardent church worker.

He is but one of hundreds of capable and intelligent business men who have been saved, when on the very precipice of criminality, by

## WHY THEY CAME TO DAVISVILLE

(Continued from page 13)

tery of French, gained on the farm, proved invaluable here in connection with the Corps' relief work amongst the French folk in the district.

Half-measures would not satisfy this enterprising young man, and sensing a distinct spiritual urge to widen his field of usefulness, he applied and was accepted as a Cadet of the Faith Session.

In looking back over his changeful career Cadet Whale declares with gleaming face that the greatest change of all took place when he was converted in the "Glory Shop." And he is never happier than when at the helm in a stirring prayer-battle, exhorting others to take the same step.

### Called by a Poem

For six years Cadet Mary McLelland, who Soldiered at Riverdale, Toronto, prior to entering the Garrison, fought against an unmistakable Call to Officership. The Call was unusual in its presentation. It came not as a Voice, or in a service, or even as an inborn conviction—though it later developed into that. It was a poem through which God spoke to her soul, a few verses portraying a sin-cursed humanity pleading for a hand to save.

*Sordid, sunken, degraded,  
Dragged down by sorrow and sin  
By drinking and gambling, or some-  
thing worse*

*That's harder to end than begin;  
But beneath that sordid covering,  
Who knows how the heart may  
crave*

*For a word of love and friendship?—  
Is there never a hand to save?*

Day and night; week after week, that line, "Is there never a hand to save?" haunted her. Desperately would she resolve to tear the convicting verses from her note-book, only to realize how utterly futile such a course would be.

While God was thus speaking, there were home forces tending to drive her in the other direction. No encouragement to take such a step was given her; opposition she knew would result if she expressed any desire toward Officership.

The issue was finally decided, however, in the welcome meeting to the Endurance Session in September, 1929. And with the decision made,

nothing was allowed to stand in her way. Now Cadet McLelland is supremely happy that God persisted in calling her for six long years, and the "Call-poem" has a cherished place in her scrap-book.

### St. Mary's First

St. Mary's first contribution to the Training Garrison is Cadet Robert White. He is a comparatively recent Army acquisition, having been first attracted, a few years ago, by the playing of the Band in his own home town.

Interest ripened into conviction, and very soon he was actually found in the ranks. He recalls an incident which occurred the Monday after his conversion. He followed his usual practice that evening, and paid a visit to the pool-room. But just as he was entering the place, he felt instinctively that it belonged to the old order, and should no longer be part of his life. It was plainly the warning of a God-awakened conscience, for no one had given him any instruction on the matter whatsoever.

For three years he served in The Army in St. Mary's. One relative was converted as a result of his stand and to-day her little daughter is a member of The Army's Company meeting.

When the Call to Officership came, Bandsman White responded gladly. He knew his loss would be felt keenly by the Corps, but he believed that he could follow no other course than that of full obedience.

Cadet White's admiration of The Army has grown tremendously since the day he was first attracted by the Band, and he revels in the glorious opportunities it affords him, for wide-spread and effective service.

Thus were these youthful Salvationists called to the ranks by the King of kings. And what more worthy labor could they find than that of rescuing lost souls from sin's black abyss?

Has God summoned you to a like mission? If so, do not withhold the offering of your all upon the Altar of Service, but respond at once, happy in the thought that He has deemed you worthy.

"HE WHO GIVES A CHILD A TREAT,  
MAKES JOY-BELLS RING IN HEAVEN'S STREET"